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ADVOCATES FOR THE JAILED

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James Higgins

Dunne: Senator from Long Island
Paul Wilkes

Deadly Contagion
ARMS SALES TO THE THIRD WORLD
Fred J. Cook

New Concept of Unionism
THE WAYNE KENNEDY CASE
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EDITORIALS

The Worrying Point

The critical issue raised by publication of the Jack Anderson papers has to do not with leaks, or secrecy, or relations between President and press, or the pros and cons of "backgrounders," although these and other issues are implicit in the disclosures. "The worrying point," to borrow a phrase from Anthony Lewis of *The New York Times,* is the truly disturbing insight which the recent disclosures give into the way foreign policy is conducted, and particular decisions are made, by our government today. A year ago (January 18, 1971), Terence Smith detailed in a major *Times* article how power, function and influence have ebbed from the State Department to the Executive. The main body of professional diplomats at State and at various posts abroad were largely frozen out of high decision making in 1971. Thoughtful dispatches from Ambassador Keating in New Delhi were ignored. There seems to be little if any meaningful feedback of opinion from the United Nations to the White House since Ambassador Yost departed. Now Henry Kissinger has a finger in every foreign policy pie; his influence is ubiquitous. He is not Secretary of State nor is he responsible to any committee of the Congress, but the Anderson Papers disclose that he is, as one paper put it, "the shot caller." One man, even a man as able as Kissinger, served by an efficient but small staff can hardly know all that should be known about every situation in the world in which the United States has an interest.

There is evidence also that foreign policy decisions are being made on the basis of faulty and inadequate intelligence; for example, the Anderson Papers reveal the extent to which the CIA was unable to come up with reliable, current intelligence about developments in Bangla Desh. The President must make decisions of the utmost importance which are strongly influenced, if not entirely determined, by the kind of military advice he receives. Yet, as Morton H. Halperin has pointed out (*Foreign Affairs*, January 1972), the military has a virtual monopoly on providing information to the President about such matters as the readiness and capabilities of U.S. and allied forces. Here, too, there is excellent reason to believe that the President should have some alternative sources as a check on military evaluations, but civilian "crisis managers" have at best limited access to military information. Public understanding and support is a prime ingredient of a successful foreign policy, but how can the public have confidence in background briefings by Kissinger which later turn out to have been quite misleading? Congressional support, understanding and approval is another ingredient of a sound foreign policy; but such confidence is also largely absent at the moment. Last October, Sen. Ernest F. Hollings gave a vivid summation of the problem: "The conduct of the Executive branch in recent years has almost nothing in common with what representative government is supposed to be all about. The decisions are made in secret. No one is consulted. Then time is set aside on TV while the nation plays a guessing game called 'What's up the President's sleeve tonight?' Finally comes the dramatic announcement, and then the President moves on to something else. It is the theatre of the absurd. Meanwhile the people, their elected representatives in Congress, and even officers of the Cabinet have no idea of the reasons behind the President's frequent policy reversals. That . . . is the worst kind of courthouse politics. . . ." This then is the basic "worrying point" about the recent disclosures.

The Dick Nixon Show

By any method of measurement, the Nixon Administration has got more mileage out of the press and the networks than did any of its predecessors. Despite this free ride from coast to coast, it has screamed and threatened and badgered the media for their alleged unfairness, meaning that *certain* newspapers, magazines and radio/TV networks have not been sufficiently pro-Administration.

The President himself is a TV buff, and in a highly practical sense. He knows all about pancake makeup, lighting, props, camera angles. An opportunist from childhood, he learned what *not* to do in 1960, when his mediocre performance on TV perhaps cost him the election. By contrast, he won in 1968—in part at least—with the help of a professionally managed TV campaign, much as he got himself off the hook in 1952 with his "Checkers" apologia. He knows enough, by now, *not* to want an interviewer of the type of Dan Rather, although any interviewer is at a disadvantage face to face with the President, before millions of viewers. But Mr. Nixon finally felt confident enough to take on Rather, who did a good job within the limits of an inherently unequal contest.

The Rather interview was the latest, though probably not the last, of a series of special shows projected by Mr. Nixon and his communications experts to insure his reelection. These are only a continuation of what has gone before. Don Oberdorfer writes in the January 2nd *Washington Post* that Nixon took his case to the people on prime-time TV no less than fourteen times in his first eighteen months of office—equaling the combined prime-time appearances of Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson under comparable circumstances during their first eighteen-month periods. It amounts, Oberdorfer points out, to "government-through-television."

Even without this electronic hypertrophy, the Presidency has grown altogether too powerful for democratic government. Aided by television, Mr. Nixon has become in effect an American sovereign; and, with few exceptions, the media are making him ever more powerful. If he should require a new pair of glasses, and chose to let the media in on the fact, they would blazon the news to the world. The significance of this continuous exposure is that a large section of the electorate, when asked by the pollsters who is the greatest American of the moment, automatically select the one whose name they have heard most often.

Is there a remedy? The media must realize that, when a President of Mr. Nixon's character and antecedents plays his game with them, their only protection is to devise a game plan of their own. They must stop reacting so hastily and lavishly to every little thing he does. Restraint is in order, and the fact that it entails a certain courage should be a challenge to newsmen who respect their profession. If the media are honest enough to recognize that the President is exploiting them and that there is not much they

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can do about it, they are still free, as an offset, to give more attention to the opposition than they are now providing. As a third countermeasure, they can make the public aware, as Oberdorfer has done, that the President is up to tricks. They could feature stories and commentary in which they describe the President's determination to manipulate them, and in many cases, they could call the shots before he fires them.

Mr. Nixon's success so far is more the result of the media's weakness than his own strength. For all his cunning, he is not a good actor, nor is his style convincing to the more judicious TV viewers. Recently, also, he has sought escape in hyperbolic statements so absurd that they leave him open to satirical ripostes, like those of Russell Baker in *The New York Times*.

Granted that the media must report most of what he says and does, they have a responsibility to make the public aware of what he is about. Journalists have known for generations how to handle celebrities who thought to treat them with scorn. It is time they taught Mr. Nixon that, when he plays the game of "President and Press" with them, he does not hold all the money cards.

Society is Hooked

Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber is an energetic, liberal-minded psychiatrist who heads up Odyssey House, a center for the treatment of drug addicts. She favors the legalization of marijuana on the ground that, with 6 million alcoholics in the United States, prohibiting marijuana amounts to the older generation telling the younger, "We can have our habit, but you can't have yours." At the same time she has come out for a far more radical solution to the drug problem: *compulsory* treatment of addicts. They would be committed by the state for three-to-five years of incarceration for rehabilitation. Coercive treatment, she now feels, has become imperative to stem the epidemic of addiction, which may in another four years produce as many as 3 million young addicts.

But panic is never an answer to social evils. An examination of all the proposed solutions for the drug problem indicates that none will work because none deals with the root causes of addiction. Dr. Densen-Gerber's recommendation may be the worst of all. How do you round up all those addicts? Make a house-to-house search? Force everyone to take periodic urine tests? Even waiving the probably insuperable difficulty of corralling the addicts, and assuming that there are no constitutional barriers, what do you do with them once you have them in custody? What modalities are to be used in treatment? With what assurances of rehabilitation? Or is this approach really a crime-reduction measure and, if so, would it actually reduce crime?

That sweeping measures may border on hysteria is indicated by a billboard erected near the Upper Park Avenue Baptist Church at 125th Street, calling for *military occupation* of Harlem to protect the population against addicts. If martial law is a cure, why stop with Harlem?

A more moderate proposal than compulsory institutional treatment is legalization of hard drugs as well as marijuana. This idea has cropped up recently in *The Village Voice* in a thoughtful piece by Robert Claiborne. It gives us a this-is-where-we-came-in feeling. More than a

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decade ago we ran a series of pioneer pieces along those lines by Dr. Alfred Lindesmith of Indiana University ["Traffic in Dope," April 21, 1956; "Dope: Congress Encourages the Traffic," March 16, 1957; "Our Immoral Drug Laws," June 21, 1958; "Addiction: Beginnings of Wisdom," January 19, 1963]. Much might be said in favor of this approach as a means of cutting off the tremendous flow of quick money inherent in the present situation. But even assuming success in this limited respect, should our society take on the burden of sustaining a large and growing population's addiction? The epidemic would probably spread still more rapidly: if it is increasing now, with all the legal obstacles mobilized against it, what would happen if it were officially sanctioned? And what political support could be mustered for such a measure?

A third proposal, cutting the supply off at the source, does not provide an answer to the problem, as experts agreed at an international symposium in Hong Kong on October 23. The United States, in a demonstration of solicitude, is expending millions to outlaw the cultivation of opium poppies in Turkey. One can rest assured that the poppies will continue to be grown. Even if Turkey could cut off this source, what about the Golden Triangle, where the borders of Thailand, Laos and Burma meet? Paraguay is another major center for the smuggling of narcotics and our friendly dictator, Gen. Alfredo Stroessner, has frustrated all American efforts to extradite the narcotics boss there.

Last, there is the chemotherapeutic solution, methadone being the drug of choice at present. Originally, hopes ran high for this technique, but it is now seen as at best only a lesser evil. It may reduce crime somewhat, on the premise that a man who can assuage his craving with free methadone will hesitate to rob or burglarize for heroin. But it breeds a kind of chemical dependency. Combined with cocaine, also, it will provide a super high. And what of the long-term consequences? Do cities like New York want to let themselves in for a permanently dependent population of 20,000 or 30,000 methadone addicts?

The fact is, as Dr. Densen-Gerber points out, that addiction is one of the symptoms of society's more serious malady: "the addict is only a caricature of the problems of society." In her interview with James Markham of *The New York Times* (January 11) she notes that "an element in the malady" is the inability of government and of political leaders to respond "to felt needs, which breeds the atmosphere of dismay and alienation in which addiction flourishes." In a brilliant study of an alarming epidemic of addiction in Washington, D.C. (*New England Journal of Medicine*, August 5, 1971), Dr. Robert F. DuPont found that 52 per cent of the addicts studied in this large sample had become heroin users after 1965, 65 per cent after 1963. By inference, changes in the social atmosphere after 1963—escalation of the Vietnamese War, setbacks for the civil rights movement, etc.—may have set the stage for the sharp increase.

To alienation and dismay, one might add boredom, which Dr. Donald Luria, chairman of New Jersey's Commission on Addiction, names as a major reason why youngsters turn to drugs. "Drug abuse," he told a conference at UCLA in October, "relates to all the problems of society. It is interwoven with boredom in education and with inadequate leadership on many levels of society. It cannot be ameliorated unless all these problems are tackled." In brief, it is not the addict alone who is hooked: society is hooked. There is no easy or quick "fix" for the problem.

The Acrobat

The speed, intelligence and agility with which Zulfikar Ali Bhutto has moved since being summoned home by frenzied cables on December 20 adds up to one of the most extraordinary feats of its kind in modern times. He lost little time in freeing Sheikh Mujibur Rahman and seeing him off personally as he departed for London. He told the richest families of Pakistan that they had better return some of their loot. He fired generals and admirals by salvo, put Agha Mohammad Yahya under arrest on the same day he released the Sheikh, announced nationalization of certain industries, and advised the people not to blame their troubles on foreign devils. This man has been moving! He had better—he has little time to stave off anarchy.

But it should be noted that Bhutto is to this manner born. His public style, the Manchester *Guardian* remarks, is that of a "windmill, foghorn and herd of bullocks intermingled."

It adds up to a good show and an exhilarating exhibition of celerity and determination. Just the same, it is a long way from a revolution. Bhutto has not kicked out *his* admirals and generals, and when he lectured the captive Pakistani press he casually fired the editor of one paper before the eyes of his colleagues, at a press conference. The country remains under martial law. That may be unavoidable for the time being, but nevertheless it is a little hard to see it as, in Bhutto's own words, "the first phase of our movement toward democracy."

He has also said, "Believe me, I mean it. If I am pulling a fast one, you'll soon realize that." We hope he is not pulling a fast one, we hope that he means it. As a political acrobat he is peerless, but to what end is another matter. Such acts can be repeated in a circus, not in government. One must bear in mind also that Bhutto is himself a scion of one of the richest families of Pakistan (it once owned 250,000 acres), he has never been a friend of a free press, and the plot which brought Ayub Khan to power was hatched at Bhutto's Larkana estates. It is common prudence, then, to watch and wait.

Magazine Crisis

The burden imposed by the prospective postal rate increases upon magazines and other periodicals threatens the continued existence of many publications, both small and large. It was a major factor in the demise of *Look*; and *Time*, in its January 10th issue, points out that the proposed increase "substantially exceeds" the total earnings for 1971 of all Time, Inc.'s magazines. And, of course, the smaller-circulation magazines would be hit just as hard, right across the spectrum from *National Review* to *The New Republic*. *The Nation*, as of now, with only the first installment of the planned increase in effect, pays more for postage than for the paper on which it is printed.

When the Congress, in considerable haste, set up the

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Postal Service to succeed the Post Office Department—abdicating its responsibility for setting postal rates—the Service was given, as a goal, the full recovery of costs through increased rates. But what is postal service? Is it not a necessary service to the public, which only the government can provide? Is it not just as vital to the average citizen as national defense or highways or police protection? If so, then some thought might be given to why, among the thousands of governmental activities—essential and nonessential—the Postal Service should have been singled out as the only one expected to make money.

This sounds as though we were about to submit a plea for federal subsidy, and indeed the accusation has been made that delivery of periodicals to subscribers at less than cost is a form of subsidy. To answer that charge, a closer look is necessary at the various classes of mail: what they really are, and whose purposes they serve.

First-class mail, of course, includes all forms of private, individual communication, from love-letters to checks. But it can be accurately defined as mail which the private citizen *wants*, and *pays*, to *send*. Second-class mail includes the delivery of magazines or other publications to subscribers. It can be defined, then, as mail which the private citizen *wants*, and *pays*, to *receive*. Third-class mail includes the bulk mail sent out by mail-order houses or other commercial enterprises—including magazines—as advertising matter. In this industry (and it is substantial) a "return," or percentage of reply, of 2 to 4 per cent is considered successful—a "good return." Third-class mail, in other words, is mail which more than 95 per cent of private citizens do not send and do not want to receive.

One might assume, then, that in proposing rate increases to meet costs, a distinction would be made between first- and second-class mail, which are services to the public, and third-class mail, which is a government-provided advertising medium. The assumption might be that the latter would bear at least its share, and preferably more than its share, of the increasing rates.

But one would be quite wrong. The prospective increase in third-class rates is the lowest of the three: 25 per cent. The planned increase for first-class mail is 33 per cent. And second class? A mere 142 per cent. That is discrimination with a vengeance; no wonder *Look* is extinct, and Time, Inc. worried. Smaller publications can scarcely be expected to withstand the strain, and after the increases take effect, many may be lined up at the exits.

There are, we believe, two principal reasons for the obvious inequity of these proposals. One is not hard to find: the Direct Mail Advertisers' Association, the industry's well-run lobbying organization, has done its job and done it well. The second reason we have attempted to indicate here: a failure to make the right distinctions, and to realize the inevitable consequences, which include the loss, permanently, of a large portion of the variety and individuality, and hence of the freedom, of the nation's press.

Time, Inc., has asked the Cost of Living Council to hold public hearings on increased postal rates, which earlier this month it declared exempt from price controls. We endorse and support this request, as being in the vital public interest, and urge others to do likewise. Donald Rumsfeld is the Council's president.

ADVOCATES FOR THE JAILED

1. Buckley: Sheriff from Middlesex

JAMES HIGGINS
Mr. Higgins, formerly an editor of the York Gazette and Daily, *is now a staff contributor to* The Nation.

Cambridge, Mass.

> [Richard] Hongisto [of San Francisco] is the brightest, most interesting, most idealistic sheriff known to *The Nation*. The fact that he is really the *only* sheriff well known to us does not detract from the force of this statement. How many bright, interesting, idealistic sheriffs are known to our readers?—*Editorial, November 22, 1971*

Well, yes, there is at least one other "bright, interesting and idealistic" sheriff in the United States, to be placed alongside the recently elected Hongisto of San Francisco. He is 41-year-old John J. Buckley of Middlesex County, Mass., who has been sheriff here since April 15, 1970, and whom, because of his record in office, as well as my personal knowledge of his political philosophy, I must describe as the only Boston Irish Catholic Republican liberal it has been my good fortune to meet.

In this state, the major responsibility of a county sheriff is to administer its house of correction. The Middlesex institution in the New England countryside of Billerica, built forty years ago, is a rather attractive red-brick building that from the highway might be mistaken for a private school or seminary. But its 200 or so inmates—average age 22; about 65 per cent serving sentences for drug possession or drug-related crimes—used to endure inside the walls the empty, regulated routine common to county jails everywhere. It is a regimen that returns young men to society more frustrated, aimless and dispirited than they were before their period of "correction."

At Billerica, for example, there were no counselors of any sort and no recreation programs. Vocational "training" was limited to making brooms for county street sweepers, to feeding pigs and tending and milking cows. Contact with the outside world by way of visitors or correspondence was minimal in the first case and restricted and censored in the second. "We just sat," says an inmate who has been at Billerica for several stretches, "and waited for a bell or an order to tell us where to sit and wait."

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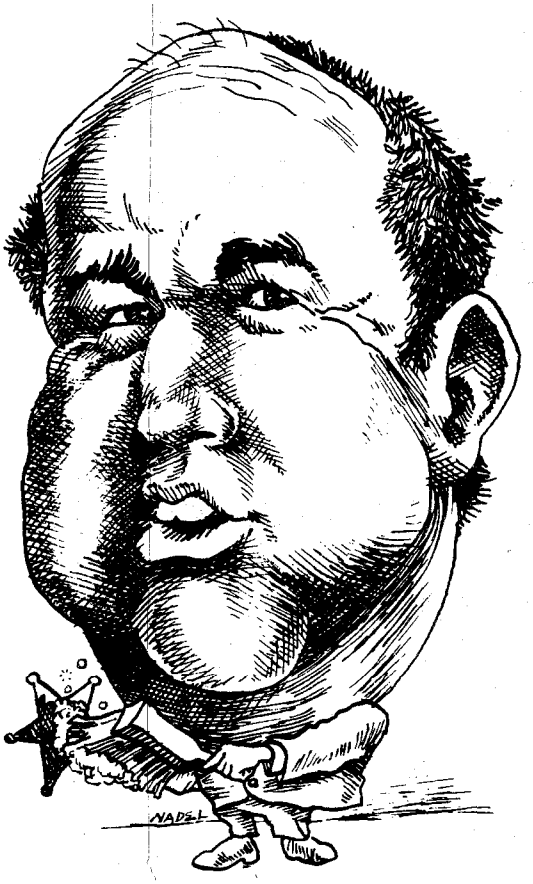
Buckley, whose easygoing, cheerful manner sometimes misleads others into underestimating his energy and serious purposes, has introduced so many reforms and innovations at the institution that it has become, literally, a different place. Perhaps the revolutionary character of his approach can best be indicated by reporting that he not only enlisted the help of inmates in developing new programs but established training and college-level courses for the guards. Many of these were holdover political appointees of the former sheriff and, in Buckley's charitable view, suffered as much from idleness and monotony as did the inmates.

Among the changes instituted during Buckley's administration of the house of correction have been: a self-help drug therapy program resembling the approach of Alcoholics Anonymous (which has also developed an active group during the past year and a half); a prison library and newspaper; vocational schooling in electronics, auto repair, water and sewage treatment and chef skills; family visits by an inmate's wife and children, who spend two days on the grounds at a comfortable house set aside for the sheriff but which Buckley does not choose to occupy; a staff of eleven counselors and two full-time attorneys, all available to inmates with problems which previously went unrecognized and unresolved.

Fundamental to everything he has done and proposes to do at Billerica, Buckley says, is his conviction that the main failing of prisons has been their function as isolation wards. "There is no sense," he says, "in using a prison term as a means of increasing the alienation among members of the same community." He himself has set an example of what he means. His office is in the prison, where as often as not he eats breakfast at 7 A.M. with the inmates. During the rest of the day he is likely to be found in the yard, the recreation room, the spaces now partitioned into classrooms, or "on the tier," chatting with guards and prisoners. Mail is no longer censored; visiting hours have been expanded. Some men serve only "weekend sentences," spending the other five days at jobs. Others go out each day from the prison to work. On one evening a week, as many as fifty to seventy-five "volunteer visitors" from the Billerica area appear at the institution for an informal session of conversation and refreshments.

In all this, Buckley is fulfilling campaign promises made about a year ago when he ran for election to the sheriff job, which he had in fact begun six months earlier as the appointee of a Republican governor. Or at least he is fulfilling the promises to the extent of his official powers. In a county where two-thirds of the voters are registered Democrats—and in which Republican candidate Buckley was the winner by 60,000 votes—he is limited by a budget controlled by the Democratic county commissioners. He broke out of a financial box symbolized by an annual recreation appropriation of $116, by securing federal grants under the Safe Streets Act of 1968; he was the only sheriff in Massachusetts to do so.

Buckley's 1970 campaign would hardly have endeared him to county officeholders, whatever party label he carried. One of his major themes was the obsolescence of county government itself. He argued that the state should be assigned the functions traditionally invested in counties, which meant that he was running on a platform calling for abolition of the office for which he was a candidate. At the same time, he challenged the system by arranging for a suit against "Sheriff Buckley" which would abolish the 200-year-old practice of incarcerating juveniles with adults in county jails. "In effect," says a friend, "he had himself taken to court to get rid of something offensive to him. He explained on the witness stand why the suit against him should be approved. And it was."



Buckley was raised in a large Boston Irish family in the suburb of Malden, went to Boston College—where he was senior class president—launched a profitable furniture business, grew restless, entered a seminary to study for the priesthood, but found after a couple of years that this too made him restless. He signed on as a book salesman with Doubleday and there met his future wife, Marie, who resigned an editorship to marry him and move to Boston. For his 36th birthday she presented him with a certificate entitling him to a "career qualification" test, the results of which indicated politics. He asked a friend how to go about it, and the friend happened to know Leverett Saltonstall, former U.S. Senator from Massachusetts; also Elliott Richardson, former Massachusetts Attorney General and now Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in the Nixon Cabinet. Thus Buckley, whose family had always registered and voted as Democrats, found his way into politics as an aide to prominent state Republicans.

At the same time, he began to develop an interest in prison reform; this also partly because of Marie Buckley's volunteer work at the Norfolk state prison. (She is

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writing a book on the role of the volunteer in the operation of correctional institutions.) "Politics and prison administration are combined," Buckley says, "in the office of county sheriff. As long as the office exists, I'm in an ideal position to conduct experiments in improving the relationship between people in prison and people in the open community. To do that it's necessary to bring both sets of people closer together and, in the process, change the attitudes of both."

Criticism doesn't bother him. "After all," he told me at 6 o'clock one morning, while we were preparing to play tennis on the public courts of Belmont, where he now lives, "it's clear enough the old harsh methods have completely failed. So why not try something new and human?" A sign in his office at the Billerica house of correction more or less sums up Buckley's approach to life, politics and reform: "Behold the turtle—the only way he makes progress is by sticking his neck out." It could be that the new Sheriff of San Francisco might want to adopt the same motto—and, as a matter of fact, might consider visiting the Sheriff of Middlesex County, Massachusetts, to discuss matters of mutual concern to themselves and to the country which lies between their geographically separated but socially linked jurisdictions. □

2. Dunne: Senator from Long Island

PAUL WILKES
Mr. Wilkes, a New York journalist, has written for, among others, The New York Times, Life, The Atlantic Monthly. *He is working on a book about American family life.*

His sideburns damp, the suds from the men's room liquid soap still ringing his face, New York State Sen. John R. Dunne slips into the back seat of his Buick station wagon and beats the rush hour traffic on the FDR Drive out of Manhattan. He has just completed a half hour interview on prison abuses at WPIX-TV, washed off the makeup that removes years and shiny spots, and is headed upstate. But it's not a prison tour this time for the man who has ruffled the button-down collars of his constituents in suburban Nassau County and who has caused his GOP mentors to wonder why a nice, hand-picked, Irish-Catholic boy from Long Island would want to push such an issue as penal reform, which promises no votes and has no definable following. John Dunne is heading for Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., to talk about that very issue with a student body that, presumably, would be no more interested in what goes on behind prison walls than is the securely middle-middle class he represents in the Albany legislature.

Dunne is a strange politician. On prison reform, something no party wants to mess with to any degree beyond tepid rhetoric, he has become the GOP's Becket: a loyal member who in 1967 was given a title—Chairman of the Senate Committee on Crime and Correction—with a mandate to wear robes, make speeches, and the tacit assumption that he would do little more. "Don't bleed all over for the cons," the party bosses told him, "present a balanced picture." Translated into political wisdom, that means, "Don't make waves. Guards and wardens vote; prisoners don't."

He was once identified by Edward Speno, the late Nassau County GOP power broker, as an attractive, clean, safe vote getter in the equally safe Sixth Senatorial District, which registers Republican by a margin of 2 to 1. But he soon disappointed a lot of party people by forcefully utilizing a committee that had been moribund for the previous decade and a half. While his constituents, white and the few black middle class, wrote him letters about schools and transportation and local taxes, Dunne started touring prisons, investigating suicides and disturbances, meeting prisoners and—folly of follies—becoming the pen pal of hundreds of them. (The applause of the men in D-yard at Attica wasn't loudest for lawyer William Kunstler or U.S. Rep. Herman Badillo. Dunne got the big hand.) When New York City's infamous Tombs exploded more than a year ago, Dunne streaked back from a one-day Cape Cod vacation; and when Herbert X. Blyden was identified as one of the rebellion's leaders, Dunne knew him better than he did any of the people who had written to him on schools, transportation, taxes. Blyden, hardly a constituent, had been writing about man's inhumanity to man, the system's way inside the walls, and Dunne had become a sympathetic soul brother.

But lest it seem that I am intent on making a saint of Dunne, I should point out that prison reform has proved his means to pop his handsome head above the swarm of young piranhas in Albany. He's been criticized for grandstanding. After the Tombs blew up, Dunne held hearings that Mayor Lindsay called a "shabby personal publicity circus." Perhaps in some measure they were. On the way up the Major Deegan Expressway, Dunne exhales audibly and says, "Its hard—no, strike that—it's *impossible* to focus public attention on the ills of the prison system. So when the interest is there, like after the Tombs or Attica, you ride it." O.K., Senator, putting it straight: others have used war, old-age homes, consumer protection. Is this your vehicle?

He does not concede with a knowing smile: "Not by reason nor by precedent is it that."

Both parties relish young and aggressive men like Dunne, but fervor is better displayed, party leaders have taught, after a hand has been placed on the legislator's shoulder. Dunne didn't wait to be tapped by the leadership and has suffered such indignities as the state GOP can inflict. He may, for example, be the only committee chairman Governor Rockefeller hasn't called in to talk over problems. Party leaders often just happen to forget about him when the GOP is caucusing. Most recently state Senate Majority Leader Earl W. Brydges turned down Dunne's plea to let him head the state committee that will recommend improvements in the penal system. Instead,

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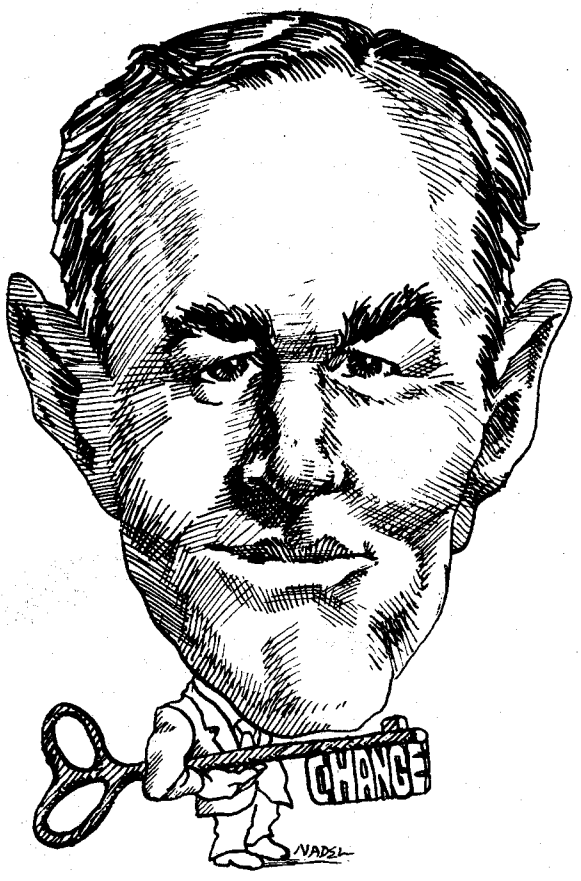

Brydges tossed Dunne a bone, allowing him to be one of the fifteen members, knowing also that this would head off an investigation of Attica itself by Dunne's committee.

Brydges, known both for his velvet glove and the iron fist beneath, caught Dunne in the midst of his whirlwind post-Attica prison tour with a scathing telephone call to the Great Meadows facility. "Been getting calls, John, been getting calls," Brydges said, simmering just below the boiling point. "People think you're getting out too far in front; we need a broader base if we're going to get something done." In plainer words, "You're worrying the Republican leaders who like to sound the beat in Albany. Ease off. We'll tell you when to jump."

And then there's that pat-on-the-head familiarity of the Governor—"Johnny." When Dunne was on the phone to the Governor, begging him on Sunday to come to Attica—which a day later would see the massacre—Rockefeller displayed annoyance with his Becket: "I can't grant amnesty, so why come, Johnny?" "Come for the psychological reason; it might tip the scales," Dunne replied. Rockefeller cut him off. "I'll talk to Bob [Douglass, his secretary and chief Attica representative] about it."

"He just didn't want to get soiled by it," Dunne says as the station wagon bumps around the labyrinth of Hawthorne Circle.

Dunne's accomplishments in prison reform to date are hardly monumental, but he has no competition in the field and little legislative support. (Many elected representatives sense that any zeal for prison reform automatically brands them as coddlers of rapists, muggers and murderers.) Dunne started off like a well-meaning Nassau County matron, consciousness-raising with displays of prisoners' art in the Capitol building. Then he pushed through the reorganization act that combined parole and corrections departments, and a bill for a work release program. A state correction officers' academy was approved but never funded, and various proposals for speedy trials, rehabilitation programs and television monitoring of potential suicides were lost along the way.

His eyes move quickly from tree to tree as the car speeds up the Taconic Parkway. "All these people want to brand me as a Lindsay-style Republican. Hell, I'm for capital punishment and against abortion liberalization. I'm law and order. This may sound cornball, but when you see a system like the prisons that cries out for change, you have to try and change it. The whole corrections field is caught up in self-defeating traditions—the keepers and the kept; fiefdoms for the lord of the manor, the warden. I walked into that yard at Attica and—this may be *prima facie* evidence supporting my inability to hold higher office—I felt those men were saying 'Help us.' "

Liberal Republicanism is hardly at its peak of popularity today, but Dunne is in that camp. He led the New York State Temporary Commission to Evaluate Drug Laws that proposed easing the marijuana laws and came close to advocating that its use be made no crime at all. Also, when many members of the GOP were having trouble remembering that U.S. Sen. Charles Goodell was one of their own, Dunne never shied away from endorsing him.

Now 41 years old, married with four children, owner of an antique-filled Victorian house in Garden City, Dunne came to Albany with mixed credentials. His grandfather had been a Tammany Hall regular who died of pneumonia when he went back to ward-heeling while still ill, in order to fend off those who wanted his job. But strong Republican sentiment in Garden City, where Dunne grew up, rubbed off on him and he joined that party. After graduating from Yale Law School, he spent two years on Wall Street and then worked for the Nassau County Court. As junior man, one of his collateral duties was answering prisoner mail. There, too, he was told to focus on more important problems and not spend too much time with these carpers. But he did take time and came to the legislature painfully aware of prison abuses.

Dunne runs a comb through his hair but makes no effort to cover the balding spot on top as the car passes through the stone arch at Vassar. A few hours later, after a turkey dinner at Alumnae House, with much serious talk on the need for community involvement in prisons and more government money, he faces several hundred Vassar students. Calling them young ladies (men are now admitted and hisses can be heard from women's liberation) and wondering aloud if those sitting on the floor are uncomfortable ("Is that as bad as it used to be? But then you do more of it now"), it appears as though Dunne is going to blow the occasion. He's geared himself for a Kiwanis luncheon.

But then he gets down to specifics—62¢ a day to feed a prisoner, rehabilitation a joke, guards with no training, the desperate mood at Attica—and the patter and foot shuffling stops. "You and I have to tear down those prison walls. . . . Together we must apply pressure for change.

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. . . With all the prisons so close to you here you could blaze a trail for others to follow. . . . What I saw at Attica was a system that didn't care about people. . . . Not many votes up there, just people . . . just people . . . and that's all we are."

Healthy applause and many questions follow. A cluster of young women with tinted glasses, polished nails, orthodontured teeth form around him. They, like Dunne, were not conditioned to want penal reform. They come from his kind of milieu, yet they tell Dunne they want to help him tear down those walls.

Building a state platform, a political reputation, on prison reform is a risky business. If, as John Dunne and some others believe, it is the next big movement—one that will be promoted with the passion of civil rights, black power and women's liberation—he could emerge as a national spokesman for the cause, and a contender for higher office. For now, people are listening. If the fervor wanes, Dunne, already without party backing, a worry to some members of his constituency, could find that the Beckets of this world must have supporters or not walk through the Cathedral alone. □

India: From Dulles to Kissinger

MIGUEL SERRANO

Mr. Serrano was for ten years Ambassador from Chile to India. His piece is translated from the Spanish by Frank MacShane of the School of the Arts, Columbia University.

Ten years of living in the East taught me that Indians are more like Westerners than any other Asian people. Neither Chinese nor Japanese, Vietnamese, Malaysian nor Indonesian has so fundamental a similarity to ourselves. The Indian is an individualist: that's why he rejected the leveling influence of Buddhism and embraced an elective form of government. India is today the only genuine democracy in all of Asia. I once heard Nehru questioned about his country's multitudinous problems. He answered: "We have 400 million problems. Each Indian is a problem." Every Indian is a human being, aware of his identity. He knows he will die alone.

It is a terrible misfortune that the European, and especially the American, has forgotten that the Indian is his only brother in Asia. Modern India harks back to ideal standards of civilization, as the West looks back to the practices of the ancient Greeks. You have to be a humanist to realize this fact, and humanists are rare among modern politicians. De Gaulle, Malraux, Kennedy to the extent of his religious sense of sin, Trudeau possibly, even Tito may have this quality.

Indians have always been grateful for the assistance they received in gaining their independence. Unfortunately, this independence involved partition and the creation of a theocratic Pakistan. From the first day of independence, the situation was impossible. Twice during my stay in India, East Pakistan tried to achieve autonomy, but each time its leaders were overthrown by the government of West Pakistan. Meanwhile, Pakistan as a whole endured constant crisis, which inevitably produced military dictatorships.

These in turn helped make the country a pawn in the intrigues of foreign powers. Nehru never accepted partition: he hoped that one day the two sections would reunite, bringing Moslems and Hindus together to live in peace as they had done for centuries. He believed that the United States, a continental country that had been united through its own fratricidal civil war, sympathized with and understood his position. I was in India when Dulles

Juhl, P.I.B. (Copenhagen)

destroyed that assumption by arranging a military pact with Pakistan. It was a tremendous blow to India. Nehru couldn't adjust to it, and from that moment his illness began. Dulles' action fundamentally damaged India's friendship for the United States. The Indians began to believe that the Americans were imperialists and their secret enemies.

Defrauded of his expectations, Nehru turned to China. I remember well my friend, T. N. Kaul, now a high official in the Indian Foreign Ministry and one of the architects of Russian-Indian friendship, recommending the establishment of relationships with China. For a while India was a spokesman for China throughout the world. Then China attacked India, without apparent cause, taking it wholly by surprise. It did so just when it looked as though war would break out between Russia and the United States over the missiles Khrushchev had placed in Cuba. China withdrew from India the moment Khrushchev and Kennedy came to an agreement, but India remained, and remains, profoundly traumatized by what had happened.

I was in Vienna recently with Indira Gandhi and T.

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N. Kaul. Deeply hurt, Mrs. Gandhi told me how Mr. Kissinger had gone to Pakistan after visiting her. She was not told a word about the China trip and only learned afterward that it had been arranged with the collusion of the Pakistani Government. Pakistan and China are allies: they plan to dismember India by launching simultaneous attacks against Bengal and Kashmir. In 1962, the Chinese attack took place precisely at the southeastern frontier of Assam, which adjoins the part of Bengal that is in Pakistan. Since then, India has been very conscious of this strategic region. Nixon's proposed trip to Peking and the admission of China to the United Nations have inevitably resulted in a pact between India and Russia. Any chess player could foresee such a move.

Dulles lost the Middle East as an ally to the West through his maneuvers over the Aswan Dam. Kissinger is about to lose India, and that will be far more serious. Were he a humanist he would know that Lenin said, "Whoever controls India controls the world."

It serves the interests of the West to have India as the great power of Asia, because it is the only truly democratic nation there. All that is needed is understanding and genuine respect. But to gain it, Americans must put aside their technocratic mentality, which believes only in what the computer tells it, namely that it is strategically better to maintain an equilibrium among three than a balance between two, and that it is therefore necessary to aid the two others that are weaker, that is, Pakistan against India and China against Russia. Quite apart from the immorality of such a situation, it is stupid to abandon old friends in democratic countries for hypothetic totalitarian allies. You can't make friends the morning after of enemies from the night before. Only computers, which are devoid of feeling, loyalty and integrity, would so advise. □

DEADLY CONTAGION

ARMS SALES TO THE THIRD WORLD

FRED J. COOK
Mr. Cook, a long-time contributor to The Nation, *is the author of many books, including the recently published* The Nightmare Decade: The Life and Times of Senator Joe McCarthy *(Random House).*

The warfare state proliferates. It creates among the poor and developing countries of the Third World imitation warfare states; and these states, which begin by buying arms they can ill afford, end up devoting ever larger percentages of their scanty national resources to the development of their own military-industrial complexes. These interests, once invested with nationalistic and patriotic trappings, press ever more strongly for their own independent arsenals of horror weapons. Israel has perfected a missile-delivery system and is capable, if seemingly credible reports may be believed, of wedding it to nuclear warheads. India, for decades the somnolent, nonviolent giant of the Asian subcontinent, emerges in heady triumph from the recent war with Pakistan, with its politicians, both Left and Right, united in a clamor that India develop an independent nuclear capacity and challenge China for the dominance of Asia.

The spread of the infinitely destructive weapons of modern warfare, the resultant increase of tensions in areas already riven by racial, religious and national animosities, meld into a picture that is far from happy. The U.N. holds its debates; statesmen speak their bromides of peace and good will, but reality is the spread of militarism to the far reaches of the Third World.

Arms Trade With the Third World, a scholarly and exhaustive study that illuminates the progression from buying arms for "defense" to the development of independent warfare complexes, has been issued by the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI) and has been published in New York by Humanities Press, Inc. It examines ninety-one Third World countries during the period from 1950 to 1969, and charts in meticulous detail the arms traffic by which the ideology of the warfare state has been seeded into their life styles.

Though the recent Indo-Pakistani War occurred after this survey had been completed, the transmutation of India from a nonbelligerent, neutralist nation into one that is now being swept onward by a wave of nationalistic and martial fervor is perhaps the most striking example of what has been occurring the world over as the warfare-state virus infects the political bloodstream.

The Indian tradition of nonviolence stemmed from Mahatma Gandhi and lasted for decades. The dominant sentiment of Indian leaders was expressed by Jawaharlal Nehru, who wrote in 1931 that India need not fear attack because the major nations of the world would never permit any one of them to acquire the dominance over India that had been Britain's. If any nation made such an attempt, he wrote, "all the others would combine to trounce the intruder. This mutual rivalry would in itself be the surest guarantee against an attack on India."

This remained the philosophy of India's leaders well into the 1950s. Charts in the SIPRI study show that early in that decade Indian purchases of major weapons had sunk almost to zero. But then American Secretary of State John Foster Dulles began to roam the world, wheedling and bludgeoning the smaller nations of Asia to join in the SEATO alliance that would form a hostile ring around Communist China. In 1954 Pakistan signed a military assistance pact with the United States; and, under the understanding that the Pakistanis would join SEATO and the Baghdad Pact, America began to lavish upon them "modern sophisticated aircraft, tanks and other equipment."

Almost from that moment India, ever jittery about the presence of potentially hostile Pakistanis on both its

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western and eastern borders, began to arm. A SIPRI chart shows vividly how the sale of major weapons to India paralleled almost exactly the shipment of arms into Pakistan, the relationship being sometimes so close that the Pakistani and Indian lines merge on the graph. As American fighter and bomber planes were shipped to Pakistan, India offset the buildup by buying similar quantities of comparable aircraft from Great Britain; and, in 1962, when the United States promised to supply Pakistan with two squadrons of F-104s, India signed with Soviet Russia a contract for MIG-21s. The deal included a licensing arrangement whereby India could set up its own MIG production plants.

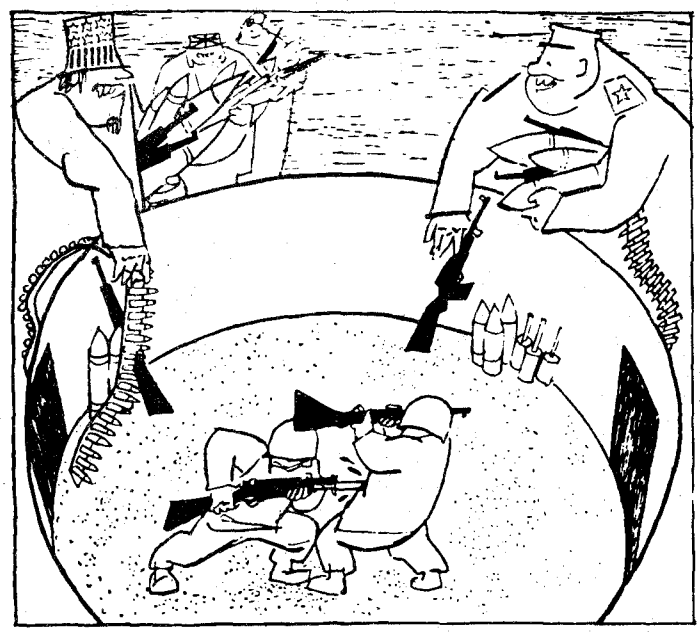
Much of India's expensive military purchases were what the SIPRI researchers call "prestige weapons." They were more for show and political credibility at home than for practical use in war. India acquired sophisticated fighter planes, a fleet air arm, submarines, missile-firing frigates, but its army was still equipped with World War I .303 Enfield rifles; its mortars, artillery and howitzers were of World War II vintage; and it had almost none of the support services that are necessary to maintain an army in the field.

There was infinite danger in this development. The evidence clearly indicates that Indian leaders were so bedazzled by their flossy new hardware that they became blind to the basic military weaknesses of their army. This flight from reality led to disaster when a dispute broke out with Communist China in 1962 over India's ill-defined northern border. Nehru ordered his troops to oust the offending Chinese—and, in almost the twinkling of an eye, India was shockingly and soundly whipped.

The defeat shook the anti-Communist chancelleries of the West. The specter of Red hordes sweeping over India became a dominant fantasy of the times, and when India cried loudly for help, the Western powers fell over one another to give it. Great Britain and the United States responded with multimillion-dollar gifts of military equipment; France, Canada and Australia provided more millions; and even the Soviet Union, then in the first phases of its ideological split with China, got into the act. This flood of arms into India understandably made the Pakistanis apprehensive. Nehru tried to reassure them—and also to reassure his Western warfare-state suppliers—by pledging that the new equipment would never be used against Pakistan, only against the Chinese.

Pakistan was similarly committed to a policy of peace with India. A clause in the 1954 Military Assistance Pact between Pakistan and the United States specifically stated that American arms furnished Pakistan would never be used against India. These solemn pledges on both sides became a bad joke in 1965, when the first border war broke out between Pakistan and India and each side belabored the other with war materiel Washington had intended to be used only to contain the envisioned menace of Mao.

The sequence demonstrated the folly of attempting to impose limitations on the use of armaments once they changed hands. A military, possessed of means to make war, will make war when and how it wills, and it is thus a fair inference that the possession of weapons leads to



Koehler, Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung
"What Would They Do Without Us?"

the increased probability that they are going to be used somewhere, sometime, against somebody. The SIPRI researchers comment: "In a circular fashion, the possession of weapons can intensify the factors which brought about their acquisition. Thus arms may increase the risk of conflict, strengthen national unity, and enhance the political position of the armed forces."

The SIPRI researchers conclude that this first Indo-Pakistani War was precipitated by Pakistan's fear that the Indian arms buildup was working to its disadvantage and the belief that it would have to strike quickly in Kashmir while it still had the strength to do so. When the war broke out, the United States embargoed further shipments of arms to both countries, but India made further arms deals with Russia and began to develop its own military-industrial complex, determined to become as rapidly as possible a self-sufficient warfare state.

Pakistan countered by making arms deals wherever it could. It bought war materiel from Russia, submarines and Mirage jets from France, and U. S. equipment by roundabout deals through third countries in Europe. The United States, finding it could not stop what it had begun, finally announced that it would supply Pakistan with six Starfighters, seven B-57 bombers and 200 armored personnel carriers, as well as spare parts for this and previously furnished equipment.

Round and round went the game, with the great powers vying with one another for influence in the subcontinent through their arms traffic, with the scanty resources of both Pakistan and India being diverted from crushing domestic problems, with the level of bluff being steadily raised until, inevitably, the second short, sharp and bloody Indo-Pakistani War erupted.

The results of the recent, heady Indian victory are almost certain to be more far-reaching than the creation of the new state of Bangla Desh out of the former East Pakistan. Joseph Fried, in a dispatch from New Delhi to the *Daily News* on Christmas Day, described how the leaders of the Socialist Party and the right-wing Jan

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Sangh, usually at loggerheads, have united in a clamor for India to develop a nuclear capability. "Even a few crude atomic weapons," as they see it, would serve as deterrents "in view of the changing alignments in Asian politics." And this is taking place in a nation that is overwhelmed by population, poverty, unemployment and periodic famines.

An arms traffic that creates such new warfare states is insane, but in a world in which the United Nations has become a debating society—unable to prevent the second Indo-Pakistani War, unable to curb the U.S. military adventure in Vietnam or the Christmas-time renewal of massive bombing—the arms traffic spirals ever upward. Between 1950 and 1970, the SIPRI study shows, arms exports to Third World nations increased sevenfold; and as 1970 dawned, they were roaring along at an average of $1.5 billion a year.

Four countries—the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain and France—have been primarily responsible for stocking the arsenals of the Third World. Washington and Moscow have generated about two-thirds of the traffic, with Britain and France supplying some 20 per cent. British and French activity has tapered off since the early years; the United States did not become involved in a major way until 1951; its share of the total business grew after Dulles' Communist-containment pacts of 1954. It was then that arms deliveries were stepped up to the Middle East, to Pakistan and to the Far East—a development that was to drag us step by step into the killing ground of Vietnam.

The SIPRI study emphasizes two major dangers that warfare states themselves incur when they supply arms to the Third World. The first is that a major supplier of arms may develop a kind of hegemony over a client state; it becomes so closely identified with its client as to become involved, willy-nilly, in the client's wars. Vietnam is a prime example. The second danger, demonstrated so well by the situation in the Middle East, is that major warfare states like the United States and the Soviet Union, because of their identification with opposite sides in a regional conflict, may be drawn into a direct confrontation leading to a major war. That has not happened yet, but the hazard is ever present.

There is, as the SIPRI survey points out, the possibility that major suppliers of arms may achieve in a given area a delicate balance of power and terror between their respective clients, thus averting the kind of hostilities that might break out if one state had a clear superiority over another. That is the kind of deterrent through arms for which the United States appears to be striving in the Middle East; but, if history is any criterion, this pursuit of peace through mutual deterrent military might is a species of Russian roulette: ultimately, the firing pin hits the live cartridge.

The ante in this hazardous game rises as client states develop their own military-industrial complexes. The SIPRI study identifies twenty-seven Third World nations that have now developed such industries. Some of these can produce only small arms and lesser items of military hardware, but several—and some of these in highly sensitive areas of the world—have developed a broad, across-the-board capacity.

The SIPRI study identifies the following powers as able to manufacture virtually everything from small arms to warplanes and missiles: Brazil, India, Israel, South Africa and the United Arab Republic. Argentina also has an extensive munitions industry, stopping short only at the rocket-missile stage of development.

The tinderbox situation is, of course, the Middle East, where some 2.5 million Israelis are surrounded by the heavily populated Arab states. The enmity and the arms duel between Egypt and Israel seem most clearly to threaten the peace of the world; it is here that the interests of their rival client states pose the most imminent possibility of a U.S.-USSR collision. The Middle East struggle has been intensified by the ineptitude of Egypt, a situation that has led to an ever more overt commitment by Russia to the cause of Arab allies it has so assiduously wooed.

The SIPRI sudy emphasizes Egypt's lack of native skilled scientists and technicians and the nation's reliance upon imported brain power. By 1962 some 250 German rocket experts and technicians were in Egypt. There were also some 100 Spanish engineers and designers, as well as other specialists from Austria and the United States. These foreign experts and their work soon became the targets of Israeli sabotage teams, however, "and the lives of many of the foreign scientists were endangered." West German-Arab relations became testy in 1965, and Bonn ordered its scientists to return home or forfeit their German citizenship. The SIPRI account concludes:

> A maximum of ten still remain in Egypt, working, it is assumed, on the missile program. The virtual disintegration of the Egyptian defense program is mainly attributable to the departure of foreign scientists and engineers. Reports from scientists who have now returned to Europe indicate that they faced immense difficulties in training local teams to perform their work; these difficulties resulted from the shortage of educationally qualified recruits, the rigidity of the social system which did not permit promotion for more able workers, political intervention in the training, recruitment and choice of projects and, finally, the fact that a large number of trained workers chose to emigrate to industrialized countries.

Into the vacuum so created, Russia poured quantities of sophisticated war equipment and ever greater numbers of Soviet technicians. The massive Russian aid to Egypt seemed to the Israelis to be upsetting the tenuous balance of power, and because of the provocation they determined to strike first. Their six-day blitzkrieg in 1967 decimated the Egyptian forces, gave the Israelis enormous quantities of high-grade Czech and Russian war material, and created a situation that has left the Middle East teetering on the brink of war ever since. For no sooner had the Israelis incorporated the seized armaments into their own arsenal than Russia made good Egypt's enormous losses with a fresh flood of seemingly endless supplies, creating anew the situation that exists today—one in which peace rests on a precarious balance of power.

Feeling threatened from all sides, the Israelis have worked feverishly to develop their own military-industrial complex. It is estimated today that 25 per cent of Israel's industrial production is consumed by defense and defense-oriented projects. SIPRI researchers estimate that it now

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manufactures 20 per cent of its military equipment, and production is rising at such a rate that within the next five to ten years at least 50 per cent of all war materiel will be domestically produced. Israel already manufactures a surplus of some items and has itself become a warfare-state supplier. Israel's main recipients are countries in Africa, but some equipment, including the Uzi submachine gun, has been exported throughout the world, and the SIPRI researchers reported that export orders for Israeli arms amounted to $20 million in 1967.

Israel "can count upon a pool of skilled workers, engineers and scientists as well as individual foreign specialists with pro-Israeli sympathies," the study finds, and one result has been the development of an aircraft industry that has been able to improve on foreign designs as, for example, the transformation of the French Mirage III into the Israeli Mirage 5.

Of even greater importance is Israel's increasing sophistication in the field of rockets and missiles. Even in the June 1967 war, the Israelis used "a rocket-boosted bomb, known as the 'concrete dibber,'" and the SIPRI study notes that "other rockets and guided missiles are reported to have been developed and produced—several of them based on French blueprints." The Israelis developed the Gabriel ship-to-ship missile system and equipped the twelve gunboats smuggled out of France on Christmas Day 1969 with supersonic Gabriel missiles that have a range of 12 to 14 miles and carry a powerful warhead.

Israel has also been developing since the mid-1960s a two-stage, solid fuel missile with a range of 300 to 500 miles. It is known as the Jericho and could carry a nuclear warhead. SIPRI reports: "The project has been closely associated with the Israeli nuclear program. Theoretically, the Dimona reactor, established with French cooperation in 1961, could produce enough plutonium for several atomic bombs a year. However, it is not known whether Israel reserved any plutonium for such purposes. . . ." Given the tensions in the Mideast, given Israel's military-defense orientation, the betting is, however—as the German publication *Der Spiegel* reported months ago—that Israel now has a nuclear capacity wedded to short- or medium-range missiles.

This spread of warfare-state technology, the near certainty that weapons of nuclear horror will find their way into more and more hands, are trends illustrating the mad gamble that mankind is taking with survival. The countries of the Third World follow the precepts of the great powers and jangle their weapons in a self-deluding atmosphere of patriotism and military power. The effect would at times be ludicrous if the balance of power and peace in the world did not rest on such a precarious foundation as political leaders' conceptions of reality.

The lesson of Third World arming is that such conceptions are today as faulty as they were in 1914 and 1939. Like the Sino-Indian War of 1962, the Indo-Pakistani War of 1965 resulted from political leaders' misconceptions of reality. The Pakistanis, deluded as the Indians had been by their up-to-date weapons, attacked Kashmir because they thought they had the power to win. What they did not realize was that they lacked the skills necessary to handle their sophisticated war equipment—which therefore became more a liability than an advantage to them. The SIPRI researchers describe the resultant farce: "The complexity and sophistication of the Pakistani Patton tanks and F-104 supersonic fighters are said to have been a handicap to Pakistan. The Pakistanis reportedly proved incapable of operating the automatic control needed to fire the guns of the Patton tanks, which considerably slowed down their offense."

The SIPRI study cites another ludicrous example:

> The military aid provided by the Soviet Union to Somalia between 1963 and 1966 largely consisted of sophisticated weapons: MIG fighters and T-34 tanks. These weapons were of little use in prosecuting Somalia's border wars, and the infrastructure of the Somali economy proved too weak to absorb the aid. Maintenance, interest payments and other costs were high, and by 1966 shipments of arms and equipment were left to rust in port. Economic difficulties and the reduced aid from Egypt after 1967 partly explain the peace negotiations between Somalia and its neighbors, and its overtures to the West following a change of government.

The lesson would seem to be that, as the ability to make war wanes, peace becomes more likely. Yet the countries of the Third World, like their more powerful mentors, pursue the delusion that, in an age of military sophistication and enormous destructive power, in an age when a brush-fire war could get out of hand and lead to nuclear disaster, there is still some sense in amassing vast quantities of war materiel, some of it too intricate to be understood and handled, some of it as in the case of Somalia left rusting at the docks. The mirage of power that nationalistic leaders pursue is a disaster to the peace of the world and to impoverished peoples. The SIPRI study sums up some of the evil consequences:

> Each year, increasing quantities of resources in developing countries are devoted to the procurement of major weapons from abroad. The gross national products of all developing countries have grown at an average rate of 5 per cent a year since 1950. Their military expenditures have grown at a yearly rate of 7 per cent while their major weapon imports have grown at a rate of 9 per cent.
>
> The total average yearly expenditure on major weapon imports to developing countries over the last five years has been around $1.4 billion. . . .
>
> The trade in weapons also absorbs other kinds of resources. In particular, the infrastructure and skilled manpower needed to maintain a major weapon in operational condition is quite considerable. To repair and maintain a tank in an advanced country, 400 man-hours are required per year. For a destroyer, 45,000 man-hours are required. For each aircraft, four men are required full time for operational maintenance and six men for overhaul. These figures do not include the costs and the skilled manpower requirement for establishing repair shops, nor do they include the various support services necessary for an effective field organization. For example, for an effective field organization, 50 men are required to support each aircraft. . . .

Such is the drain, the waste, the danger, the folly. Will mankind realize in time that, in an age of horror weapons and nuclear bombs, the warrior can no longer heroically protect, he can only destroy; that he has become, indeed, an anachronism? □

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NEW CONCEPT OF UNIONISM

THE WAYNE KENNEDY CASE

STAUGHTON LYND
Mr. Lynd, a social historian, is at present engaged in labor history and community organizing in Gary, Ind.

Chicago

A key organizer for the rank-and-file movement in the American Federation of Government Employees (AFGE) has been threatened with dismissal by the regional director of the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) for taking the side of Chicago's urban Indians in their struggle for homes and jobs. Wayne Kennedy is chief steward for Local 2816, AFGE, the union of OEO employees in Chicago; first vice president of the Chicago council of AFGE locals; and president of the national council of OEO locals, AFGE.

He is a leading proponent of a concept of public employee unionism which sees mine inspectors, meat inspectors, OEO field staff and other federal employees ultimately allied in the same organization with the workers, consumers and community groups which they serve. This vision of the responsibility of public employees led Kennedy to help organize a press conference on November 10 at which Mike Chosa, leader of the Indians who sat in at the Argonne Laboratory last August, explained his case to several dozen employees of federal agencies that have been reluctant to give American Indians the help they need. At first scheduled for the OEO conference room, then for the AFGE local's office, the conference had to be held in the agency's lobby because of official disapproval. Although Kennedy was only one of several organizers, the press singled him out as the spokesman.

On November 26, the day after Thanksgiving, regional OEO director Wendell Verduin notified Kennedy, "I propose to remove you from your position." The principal reason given was: "You have committed actions which created the appearance of making and which were an attempt on your part to make a government decision outside official channels."

Kennedy's dismissal will become effective unless forestalled by public pressure. He has the unanimous support of his union, locally and nationally. The Chicago Indian Village and the American Indian Organizations United of Chicago have passed resolutions calling for the reinstatement of Kennedy and the replacement of Verduin; indeed, Indian children collected money for a one-way bus ticket for Mr. Verduin to his home in Grand Rapids; it was purchased and duly presented to the regional director by James White Eagle Stewart. Concerned Citizens of Du Page County (in which the Argonne Laboratory is located) called Verduin's action

> another example of the insensitivity toward minority groups so often displayed by the government establishment . . . and a particular affront to the Concerned Citizens of Du Page, which has been attempting to enlist support for the American Indians. Mr. Kennedy responded to our plea, and now he faces dismissal.

Baldemar Velasquez of the Midwest Poor People's Coalition, another group with which Kennedy has worked, supports Local 2816's stand on Kennedy and Verduin and adds: "We would like to make the bureaucracy work for us but when the bureaucracy is filled with inept and insecure sophists then we must ask for their removal. . . ."

At stake in the Kennedy case is not so much unionism as such, but the question of *what kind of unionism* the federal government will permit. And this question has implications which go far beyond the federal work force; for, by its attitude toward its own employees one may predict what the government has in mind for working people and their unions throughout the country.

An issue, a concept of unionism, and the new federal economic policy converge in the Wayne Kennedy case. The issue is the struggle of American Indians to use abandoned federal facilities to meet the needs of their people. In Davis and Redding, Calif., and at Fort Lawton, Wash., government property has been turned over to Indians for this purpose. Hence the issue is not symbolic. Empty homes with heating equipment, playground and cultural facilities, and even nearby technical personnel who could offer the specialized job training which the Indians also demand, are available at the inactive Argonne site. Indian families, who moved off the Argonne site in August, after eliciting verbal and written promises from Verduin, now face eviction from temporary quarters at Camp Seager because the Methodist Church, which owns the camp, is unwilling to take responsibility for their welfare under winter conditions.

What is lacking is a decision by federal administrators to match up human need with available unused property. When the Indians ended their summer sit-in at the Argonne Laboratory they understood Verduin to be committed to that decision. On August 13 and 20, agreements were signed by the Indian organizations, the Chicago Housing Authority, and the regional administrators of HUD and OEO in which the government signatories pledged "to pursue the development of a residential and educational center in Du Page County or other suburban area," and to "undertake the exploration and development immediately."

The Indians don't have a dime. Incredibly, Verduin has required that they first seek a planning grant of $50,000 and *raise $50,000 in matching funds on their own.* Section 232 of the Economic Opportunity Act, under which the Indians request aid, makes no requirement for matching funds. Matching funds have not been demanded of any other ethnic group. In a memorandum dated November 30, 1971, Verduin added new conditions: a revision of the bylaws of the applicant Indian organization, proof of the adequacy of their accounting system, amplification as to their objectives, and a fidelity bond of $25,000. He is making a process that is already heartlessly bureaucratic even more roundabout and time-consuming than the law requires. Rather than cutting through red

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tape, Verduin has improvised variations of his own.

As the Indians see it, he is also breaking his pledged word. They look upon the agreements of August 13 and August 20 as treaties, and Verduin's inaction as one more instance of treaty promises broken by white men. The AFGE locals in Chicago federal agencies agree. On November 10, Locals 2816 (OEO), 648 (Department of Labor), 1395 (HEW) and 911 (HUD) issued a joint statement which said in part:

> What good is our tax money if these federal agencies, our employers, can not even house and feed the people whose land and natural resources we took without payment and without which the American economy would not be possible? What good are these high paid federal bureaucrats if they can not even solve such a simple problem as providing decent food and warm shelter for Indian mothers and children? What good are government programs if they ignore and exclude the poorest and most helpless among us?

The employees' statement called on their own agencies to make available the surplus federal land at Argonne Laboratory and to implement the August agreements, "that we not tolerate a new form of broken treaties with the Indians."

This was the statement, read in the lobby of the agencies' building at 300 South Wacker Drive, which was attributed to Wayne Kennedy by the press and which became the immediate cause of his impending dismissal. Other observations are equally harsh. Rev. William J. O'Shea of the Du Page Concerned Citizens told the press: "Mr. Verduin practically begged them [the Indians] to organize, so he could give them this funding, and now all the Indians have received is a massive blitz of paper . . . surrounded with red tape."

Verduin's action clearly threatens an emergent constitutional right: an employee's freedom to criticize his or her employer, on or off the employer's premises, making use of normal First Amendment means such as verbal statements, leaflets, notices posted on bulletin boards, and the like. Alan Kaplan, a national vice president of AFGE, described the attempt to purge Kennedy as "an attempt to suppress free speech by federal unions." Kennedy's fellow workers put it as follows:

> What has OEO come to, when an OEO employee is being fired because he is alleged, as an elected representative for federal unions, to have called attention to the needs of some poor people and requested that the various federal poverty agencies take action? Has it become some kind of crime to think that more ought to be done for the poor and say so?

AFGE says that Executive Order 11491 protects federal employees in presenting problems to the public at large. OEO responds that, under Title 45, Chapter X, Part 1015.735—1, (f), federal employees are required to avoid action which in fact or appearance "affect[s] adversely the confidence of the public in the integrity of OEO and the Government."

Wayne Kennedy has forced this issue because he and his associates feel that *their* integrity as public service professionals requires them to speak out on behalf of their constituents. This conviction is no random missionary impulse. For Kennedy, Kaplan and the others it has been a slow-ripening sense of direction, organically connected to their concerns for a democratic work place and a living wage. They formed their union, Kennedy says, primarily to give protection to workers who wished to be responsible to federal policy and their constituents, as well as to their immediate superiors.

Kennedy brought this orientation with him to OEO. He grew up in the Chicago suburb of Western Springs and was, in his words, "the victim of liberal parents." His father taught for many years at Wilson Junior College and was a passionate believer in cooperatives, for both consumption and production. Wayne and his brother chose to go to a working-class college, Roosevelt University, where he was exposed to teachers like Charles Birmingham, a pacifist, Socialist and vegetarian, who believed that the national income should be equally divided. While at Roosevelt, Kennedy worked part time for five years in the railroad yards in Cicero. He came to believe that the workers understood better how to run the railroads than did management.

After graduating, Kennedy got a job with the Cook County Public Aid Department as a caseworker. Here he met Alan Kaplan and Paul Bloyd and with them tried, first to breathe new life into the moribund local union, and then to create an independent union. By 1968 they were all working for OEO. Kennedy chose this agency partly because while at Roosevelt he had been inspired by Michael Harrington's portrait of "the other America" and his proposal for a federal program that might do something about it.

At OEO Kennedy was shocked by the class system and bias against minorities within the agency. He found that field workers who took seriously the OEO rhetoric of "maximum feasible participation" by the poor were likely to be reassigned to desk jobs. He turned to the union as the available agency to do something about these problems.

The American Federation of Government Employees also proved frustrating. A fraternal organization until President Kennedy's Executive Order of 1961, AFGE under president John Griner still in the late 1960s leaned toward quiet lobbying, letters to Congressmen, and a public stance of solidarity with the agency; and it avoided direct action and hard politics. Postal employees have won the *de facto* right to strike and the legal right to bargain over wages. AFGE is still limited (and limits itself) to bargaining over working conditions and personnel policies. A union with immense potential power because of its 350,000 members and its strategic position in the national decision-making structure, AFGE—at least as Kennedy perceives the situation—tolerates an atmosphere in which grown men and women fear for their jobs and are treated like children. He feels his own case is crucial to overcoming that climate of fear.

Accordingly, Kennedy, Kaplan and others have formed a national rank-and-file caucus dedicated to aggressive, socially concerned industrial unionism. The caucus is strong in Washington, Texas and California, as well as in Chicago. Kennedy sees its natural constituency as the younger employees for whom "the real issue is some kind of dignity and self-determination in the work place."

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The kind of union that Kennedy and his friends aspire to is vividly suggested by the contract they are urgently proposing for national negotiations. Its first sentences, written not by Kennedy but an AFGE activist in Dallas, are modeled on the preamble to the constitution of the IWW:

> The poor and disadvantaged of this country and the rich and wealthy elite have nothing in common. There will be no peace as long as hunger, poor educational and health facilities, racial prejudice, and lack of jobs are the order of the day for millions of Americans, yet the few who make up the power-brokering wealthy class have all the good things of life.

Unlike the IWW, the AFGE activists think they can move toward implementation of this goal through a signed contract.

The thrust of the contract is for joint decision making by labor and management. For instance, under "Performance Evaluation" a section is proposed (it has already begun to be implemented) whereby employees would evaluate their supervisors, as well as the other way around. Kennedy sees this as a first step toward election of supervisors by the workers involved. According to the proposed contract, "A state of affairs which allows one set of workers to decide the future of another set in the same agency not only is unsound but, more importantly, is contradictory to the basic precept of the Economic Opportunity Act."

Other remarkable features of this unusual contract include:

¶*"Office Decor.* The Employer affirms the right of employees to decorate their working areas with paintings, posters, photographs and other artistic or symbolic representations, provided the property is not defaced or made unusable for its intended purpose."

¶*"Maternity leave* . . . is chargeable to sick leave or any combination of sick leave, annual leave, and leave without pay. When an employee is on leave without pay for this reason in excess of 12 months she will be returned to the position she would have been entitled to had she not taken leave without pay. Pregnant employees shall themselves be the sole judge of when they shall go on leave for maternity purposes."

¶*"Health and Safety* [This article envisions day-care centers funded 50 to 100 per cent by the employer, and an OEO employee Housing Development Corporation to provide low-cost housing to those agency employees who need it most.] The worksite medical care facility shall include as a minimum free employee immunizations against all known communicable diseases; free physical examinations upon employee request; free eye examinations and free eyeglasses; free dental X-rays and examinations including free dental cleanings; free emergency service including emergency procedures for the immediate calling of a nurse, doctor and ambulance to the work place at agency expense; free treatment of alcoholics; free birth control information, devices, pills, and abortions upon employee request . . .; discounted generic drugs . . .; and a free and well equipped physical fitness room where employees may exercise and develop their physical condition, including shower facilities."

Wayne Kennedy and his associates are pushing contract provisions like these in the conviction that public employees' unions can be pacesetters for unions in the private sphere. They point out that AFGE (350,000 members), along with American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (500,000 members), American Postal Union (300,000), American Federation of Teachers (250,000) and the National Association of Letter Carriers (210,000), already comprise a block of more than 1.5 million organized workers. The public unions, they predict, should easily dominate the AFL-CIO by the close of the century.

They go further. As these visionary rank-and-filers read the crystal ball, they see recipients of public payments redefining themselves as public employees, merging with public sector unions, and bargaining with them for federal tax money. Since the caseworkers and the welfare rights mothers are paid from the same source, they reason, why should they not join their strength in seeking to enlarge that income flow?

This is a dramatically radical idea. It breaks down the division between "work-place organizing" and "community organizing," in favor of the concept that organizations of both kinds have a natural alliance. This kind of alliance has also arisen in the areas of health and safety-ecology, since the same steel mill coke oven poisons the air within the work place and outside.

While AFGE activists see their public union as blazing a trail for private sector unionists, President Nixon has in mind the reverse process: by attacking public unions more directly than he yet dares to attack unions in the private sector, he sets an example which corporations can presumably follow with impunity. The Wayne Kennedy case is important in this context, too. There can be no doubt that Verduin wants to rid OEO of a man who is a militant rank-and-file unionist as well as an ardent protagonist of the poor.

The new economic policy decrees for federal employees a 5 per cent layoff and a wage freeze until mid-1972. It remains to be seen whether the President can get away with it. The Senate has recently voted 76 to 1 in favor of a 5.5 per cent wage increase for white-collar (but not blue-collar) federal workers as of January 1. But the layoff and the wage freeze are—in the federal government, as in private industry—only the most visible aspects of a policy designed to cut costs and increase productivity at the expense of working people. In OEO, for instance, management is attempting to reduce the grade classification (and hence wages) of many jobs. A response dated September 9, 1971 and signed by Kennedy, George Koch (acting treasurer of the national council of OEO locals) and nine local union presidents, condemned the grade reduction plan "because it is grossly unfair to lower grade employees of OEO, will only serve to reinforce and extend the Nixon Administration's punitive campaign against federal and OEO employees, will further polarize the grade structure within OEO, and will unnecessarily damage critical OEO program areas at the expense of maintaining unproductive and excessive high grade bureaucratic layers of management." As one means of fighting back, AFGE locals in Chicago urged all 80,000 federal employees to cash in their government bonds on December 17.

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It speaks well for the rank-and-file movement in AFGE, therefore, that at a time when their own livelihood is under attack, they should risk their jobs for the sake of their clients.

Readers who want to help Wayne Kennedy can phone, wire, or write their local Congressmen, especially if those Congressmen are from the Midwestern region, or communicate directly with the national OEO director, Philip Sanchez, OEO, 1200 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. □

HAWK'S NEST

THE AMERICAN SECURITY COUNCIL

HAROLD C. RELYEA

Mr. Relyea taught recently on the political science faculty of The American University. At present he is employed on Capitol Hill.

Washington

Within the next few weeks, readers of this piece are almost certain to receive a letter, or see a television program, or come upon a full-page newspaper ad advising them, once again, that the United States is on the brink of a gap in military strength vis-à-vis the USSR and/or the Republic of China. This alarming intelligence, bearing with it the warning that Americans are about to be robbed by implacable enemies of "all that they hold dear," will be the latest campaign of Operation Alert, the mass propaganda and Congressional lobbying arm of the American Security Council (ASC). The scare assault will be countered, by SANE among others, but ASC will have the loudest voice, for it will have the most money. According to Robert Gruenberg of the Chicago *Daily News*, $450,000 is being sought as "seed money," with the projected total running into the millions. And when the ASC seeks money, it knows where to look.

The American Security Council sounds like a government agency and, even when you know otherwise, the name still disarms suspicion. But if there is a linchpin to the military-industrial complex against which President Eisenhower warned a decade ago, a likely nominee would seem to be the American Security Council. The leadership and policy committees of the Council include many retired military men of high rank, prime defense contractors, and politicians wedded to hard-line anti-communism. A complete list of the group's 1,700-member companies has always been a highly guarded secret, but the few firms which are acknowledged to be official members, together with those interlocked with the council through corporate officers who serve on its policy panels, rank among the top 532 defense contractors of the last five years (*Economic Priorities Report*: February-March 1971; Council on Economic Priorities) and the 500 biggest corporations. (*Forbes*, May 15, 1971). These companies are listed as follows:

	Forbes Rank		Defense Contract Rank
Corporation:	1970	1969	
Chesebrough-Pond's, Inc.	378	411	398
Emerson Electric Co.	148	181	73
General Electric Co.	14	15	14
Honeywell, Inc.	122	125	10
International Harvester Co.	156	122	392
Lockheed Aircraft Corp.	.....	.....	2
Phillips Petroleum Co.	44	39	53
Republic Steel Corp.	242	86	268
Reynolds Metals Co.	180	147	284
United States Steel	30	19	28
Whirlpool Corp.	366	196	149

Not only does the council bring defense contractors together to discuss common problems; it also commands their financial support by cloaking their business interests in the rhetoric of vigorous anti-communism and weapon superiority. An outstanding example of this type of council activity occurred during the ABM controversy. In early May 1969, the council released 20,000 copies of a pamphlet entitled "The ABM and the Changed Strategic Military Balance: USA vs. USSR." In many respects it was an updated version of a report—"The Changing Strategic Military Balance: USA vs. USSR"—which the council had prepared two years earlier for the House Armed Services Committee. Sent to members of Congress, newspaper editors, Pentagon officials and ASC members, the new study presented a reasoned, but debatable, case for the ABM system. The authority of the document, however, seemed to rest upon the prestige of the "National Strategy Committee" of scientists, retired military and corporate executives who prepared it. Notable among these was Robert W. Galvin, chief executive officer of Motorola, Inc., one of the top dozen prime ABM contractors. It was announced that Galvin had not participated in the deliberations of the special subcommittee that prepared the study. Nevertheless, his presence on this panel and chairmanship of the full National Strategy Committee is an indefensible conflict of interests. Also serving on the parent body were representatives of General Electric and Lockheed, both of which held ABM contracts.

In late June of last year the ASC made another interesting appeal for increased weaponry. Its *Washington Report,* a newsletter, suggested that a certain statement on military preparedness, written by defense experts, was "a well kept secret." The document was a supplement to the report of the President's Blue Ribbon Defense Panel which, in brief, purported to indicate "a significant shifting of the strategic military balance against the United States and in favor of the Soviet Union." The newsletter said that not only was this statement being ignored but

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that the Secretary of Defense and the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were reducing armaments at a time when increased weaponry seemed imperative.

Why should the American Security Council express sudden interest in an obscure supplemental statement to a report that had been in the hands of public officials since September 1970? An answer of sorts can again be found by considering the signatories to the supplement. The full Blue Ribbon Defense Panel consisted of sixteen members, nine of whom, according to Sen. William Proxmire (D., Wis.) occupied some official position in thirteen firms holding more than $1.8 billion in defense contracts. Only seven members of the full panel signed the supplemental statement, and of these six were from the defense corporation designated by Senator Proxmire. The seventh endorsement was from Hobart D. Lewis, president of *Reader's Digest* and a close friend of President Nixon. It is odd that members of the full Blue Ribbon Defense Panel who were not immediately interested in defense corporations did not perceive the "shifting balance" in weaponry which so alarmed their contractor colleagues. The ASC not only accepted the warning; it also went so far as to promote the private publication and distribution of the statement.

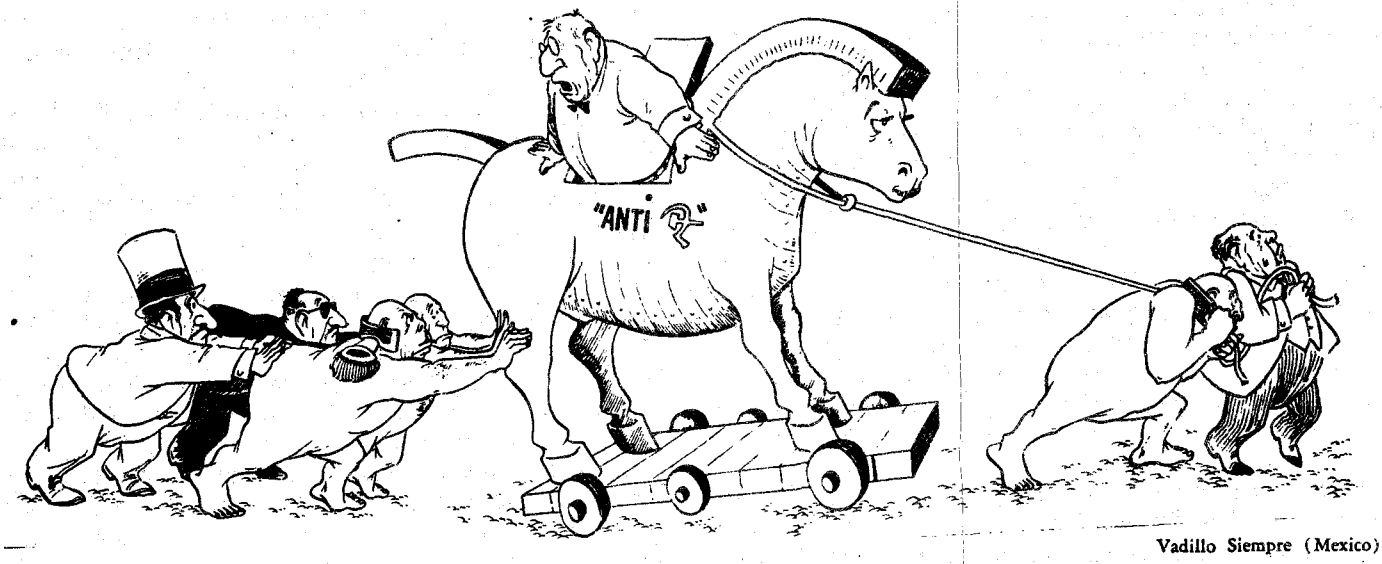
National defense matters constitute but one segment of the American Security Council's interests. Internal security has been a paramount consideration far longer than any other. Indeed, the organization was created to function as a kind of private intelligence outfit. Created in 1955 by former FBI agent William F. Carroll, the operation was first called the Mid-Western Research Library, but became known as the American Security Council the following year. While conducting educational or propaganda programs pertaining to the cold war and keeping businessmen in touch with retired and active military leaders, the council has also provided a reference service for members and kept files on individuals, groups and publications which it considers subversive. A brochure mailed out by the council in March of 1960 stated:

> The American Security Council has been aggressive and imaginative in locating and acquiring information concerning the camouflaged and hidden activities of the communist-statist conspiracies. It has gathered one of the largest and most complete private files in the country covering 40 years of subversive activities. Several regional files and libraries are to be consolidated with this material as additional funds become available.

The assembling of these files may have been the council's chief activity during its first years of existence. In 1958 *The New York Times* reported that the ASC was collecting individual and organizational names at the rate of 20,000 per month. Supposedly the data provided a loyalty-security reference system for the council's member corporations, a clearing house where employees and applicants for employment might be checked. The council has vigorously denied engaging in blacklisting and this practice has never been proved against it. Labor leaders have, however, remained critical. The *Times* revealed that the council made materials from its files available to member companies, their executives and "outsiders," such as journalists, whom the ASC deemed trustworthy.

If suspicions were aroused as to the use of the council's files, the quality of the information disseminated heightened concern even more. In 1961 the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* reported that the ASC held more than a million files. One of the sources for this material was a collection of information assembled by Harry Jung, who published *The Vigilante,* a newspaper popular among right-wing extremists in the early months of World War II. Other contributions came from two corporations that had investigated Communist activity among their employees, two private investigation firms, and the papers of Rep. Fred Busbey (R., Ill.) who began his Red-hunting career with the old Dies committee. The *Post-Dispatch* also said that the council supposedly had some cooperative arrangement on the exchange of information with the FBI and HUAC. While neither government office confirmed the relationship, five former FBI agents were on the ASC staff. The council had also attempted to obtain the files of Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy.

The council's ties to the House Committee on Un-American Activities have become stronger in the last few years. In 1965 HUAC staff director, Francis McNamara, now with the Subversive Activities Control Board,



Vadillo Siempre (Mexico)

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acknowledged the ASC as the source of information which inaugurated committee investigation of Dr. Jeremiah Stamler, a Chicago heart specialist who regarded the inquiry as ridiculous and is still fighting contempt charges. In 1968 and 1969 Stanley Tracy and Lloyd Wright, both active in the ASC policy units, testified on bills being considered by HUAC. Shortly after Rep. Richard Ichord (D., Mo.) became chairman of the committee, he joined the staff of ASC's *Washington Report* radio program and newsletter of the same name; he still serves as legislative editor for these operations. Early last year columnist Jack Anderson reported members of Ichord's staff were buying index cards, available to bona fide House employees at reduced cost for the use of American Security Council researchers who were recording political campaign contributors on them while inspecting the records of the Clerk of the House. While Anderson was exposing this council activity to scorn, two ASC employees were serving on the HUAC staff. A former editor of the council's newsletter, William Hecht, joined the committee in June as an executive staff assistant; at the beginning of the year, John F. Lewis, previously on the ASC radio staff, served the committee as coordinating editor.

The council maintains offices in Chicago, Washington and Culpeper, Va. A few miles away from the Culpeper facility, at Boston, Va., is a close ally of the council, the Institute for American Strategy (IAS). Though John M. Fisher, president of both the council and the institute, asserts that they are separate organizations, they have, according to a recent *Washington Post* report, both overlapping memberships and mailing lists. In addition, the directors and policy leaders of the two operations interlock. For example, Robert Galvin chairs the ASC National Strategy Committee and is also a vice president of the institute; Clare Boothe Luce serves on the National Strategy Committee of the ASC as well as on the board of directors of the IAS and has signed numerous fund-raising letters for the institute; Fred M. Gillies holds a seat on the ASC Senior Advisory Board and is on the board of directors for the institute. In 1969 the two organizations created a special Joint Study Commission on Meeting Revolutionary Challenges to America. When the ASC promoted the supplemental statement to the report of the Blue Ribbon Defense Panel, the IAS was designated the sales agent for privately printed copies of the document.

A special institute project is its Freedom Studies Center. The idea of creating a Freedom School or Freedom Academy first came to public attention in 1964, when HUAC urged its consideration. The plan then was to create a government-operated facility which would enlighten both public and community leaders about the evils of communism. The Johnson administration thought the project unnecessary and unwise. Such a school would compete with programs of military and foreign service training institutions and duplicate portions of their curricula. There were also serious misgivings as to the quality of the personnel that could be acquired for such a school. Though public funds were not forthcoming for the experiment, the private sphere did respond. In late September 1966, a Freedom Studies Center, occupying 683 acres of Virginia countryside and a twenty-four-room gabled and chimneyed fieldstone mansion, was dedicated by the Institute for American Strategy. IAS bought the estate for $285,000; an additional $200,000 was required to refurbish the house [See "Degrees in Paranoia: The Cold-War College" by Berkeley Rice, *The Nation*, October 4, 1971].

A multiplicity of public officials, educators and business executives of varying ideological persuasions jumped on the center's bandwagon by endorsing the project and lending their names to its boards and sponsoring committee. In 1966, opposition to the Vietnamese conflict was not yet popular and the domino theory of Communist aggression was widely accepted. Perhaps that explains why many eagerly supported this "private West Point of psycho-political warfare." Speakers at the facility have included ultraconservatives and hard-line cold warriors. The content of seminar lectures is not available to the public, but addresses have been given by Dr. Walter Judd, ASC radio spokesman and ardent opponent of United States or U.N. recognition of Communist China; Frank J. Johnson, foreign editor of the ASC newsletter, who once advocated liberating Albania to show Nikita Khrushchev "that we intend to create plenty of trouble for him in his own backyard"; Stefan Possony, an ASC staff member, HUAC consultant, activist in rightist politics, and a director at the Hoover Institution, a conservative think tank of sorts; Gen. William Westmoreland who, at the time of his 1969 speech at the center, was thought to be highly critical of the Johnson administration's policy in Vietnam, according to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. As *The Washington Post* recently reported, even President Nixon's announcement regarding closer relations with Communist China has not deterred the ASC-IAS cold-war propaganda effort.

Funds for the tax-exempt institute and Freedom Studies Center came from individuals, companies and foundations. Statements filed with the Internal Revenue Service show the following substantial contributions: Richardson Foundation (Greensboro, N.C.), $75,000 (1961); Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, $5,000 (1961); Sears Roebuck & Co. (where ASC-IAS president John Fisher once assisted company chairman Robert E. Wood), $6,000 (1961); Robert E. Wood, $4,895 (1961); T. Mellon & Sons, $5,000 (1962); Lilly Endowment, $25,000 (1970); Henry and Grace Salvatori Foundation (Henry Salvatori serves on the center's board of directors and was on the ASC Cold War Advisory Committee), $20,000 (1971). Late in 1970, however, the tax-exempt status of the institute came into question when it became involved in a politically oriented project with the American Security Council.

During the summer of 1970, the ASC launched "Operation Alert," a project based upon responses to a ten-question national poll on security issues. In a *New York Times* interview in August 1970 the council revealed that 31,500 individuals had responded to the survey. Participants were required to pay $10 for costs incurred in compiling the data; they also received a year's subscription to *Washington Report*. Mailing lists were obtained from a number of sources and there was considerable duplication, some individuals receiving as many as a half dozen questionnaires. IAS nominated individuals from its mailing

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list, thereby involving itself in what was generally regarded as a political project.

In September the council announced plans for another aspect of "Operation Alert." A series of Congressional votes were selected to create a national security index, whereby ratings could be assigned to Senators and Representatives. These standings could then be compared with national responses to the security issues poll. The ten votes selected generally related to defense matters, defense appropriations and national security. But, as the authoritative Congressional Quarterly Service noted, four of the House votes dealt with internal security affairs and the House Committee on Internal Security (formerly HUAC) in particular. These included votes on the proposed abolition of HUAC, funding the committee, picketing at the Pentagon, and increased security at defense plants. Not only did the council weight the index against liberals but the subsequent report of results specifically singled out a bipartisan group, Members of Congress for Peace through Law, for special criticism. Some 2.5 million copies of the index were circulated by the council and the related fund appeal is said to have brought in $430,000.

Conspicuous for their low index ratings were six Senators, five Democrats and one Republican, who were all standing for re-election. In mid-September, shortly after the index was released, Presidential special counsel Charles W. Colson circulated copies of the study with a covering memorandum on White House stationery that read: "The American Security Council has provided us copies of a very interesting analysis, which I thought you might like to have because of your interest in the subject." Sen. Charles E. Goodell (R., N.Y.) charged Colson with aiding his opponent, Conservative Party candidate James Buckley, by sending the ASC index to veterans' organizations in New York. In another matter, both the *Baltimore Sun* and *The New York Times* named Colson as the perpetrator of a last-minute effort to discredit certain Democratic candidates through newspaper ads which associated the men by innuendo with radical and extremist causes. Colson continues to serve as the President's formal chief liaison with groups and organizations seeking a White House audience.

In mid-October, a Maryland group calling itself Voters Opposing Tydings' Re-Election, announced it was raising funds for newspaper, radio and television ads that would feature the American Security Council index. ASC had placed full-page promotional advertisements in the metropolitan Washington, D. C. papers and in the *Chicago Tribune* and St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (the *Tribune* is an ASC member and G. Duncan Bauman, publisher of the *Globe-Democrat,* serves on the council's National Strategy Committee). The Maryland group made no attempt to aid the Republican Senatorial candidate directly; it was simply intent on defeating Sen. Joseph D. Tydings. Leaders of the group included C. Brent Kansler, a former campaign director for George Mahoney who opposed Tydings in the Democratic primary; Charles D. Crowley, a Mahoney press aide, and Franz O. Willenbucher, a speaker at a workshop sponsored by the ultra-right Liberty Lobby and later vice chairman of the Committee for Constitutional Integrity, a conservative group opposing the adoption of the 18-year-old vote amendment. *The Washington Post* subsequently reported a contribution of $7,000 from the Liberty Lobby to Voters Opposed to Tydings' Re-Election. The anti-Tydings organization in turn paid $3,215 to Group Marketing Services, Inc., for advertising costs. Brent Kansler, chairman of Voters Opposed, was also president of Group Marketing.

Although the American Security Council admitted spending $150,000 to circulate the national security index, it expressed no desire to register as a political organization. The Federal Corrupt Practices Act specifically defines a political group as an "organization which accepts contributions or makes expenditures for the purpose of influencing or attempting to influence the election of candidates (for the House, Senate or Presidency) in two or more states." Such a group must file periodic reports with the Clerk of the House, listing gifts of $100 or more, designating where funds were allocated. While the council indicated that it would file if compelled, the Justice Department refused to investigate ASC's activities unless advised to do so by the Clerk of the House. No registration resulted.

The Post Office took a different view of the council's actions, notifying ASC that it had abused the special third-class nonprofit mailing permit of the Institute for American Strategy to send out the national security index. Postal authorities indicated that they expected the institute to pay the difference between the special rate and the normal third-class bulk rate, a sum estimated to be as high as $37,900. To date, the institute has not paid the assessment. By doing so it would admit involvement in a political action, which could then jeopardize its tax-exempt status.

Neither the council nor the institute has been dissuaded from its Operation Alert activity. While a second national security issues poll was being launched in late April 1971, plans were also under way for an Operation Alert symposium in Anaheim, Calif. during the latter part of May. Jointly sponsored by ASC and IAS, the meeting featured Sam Yorty, Mayor of Los Angeles, a Democratic Nixon supporter, and co-chairman of the Anaheim gathering; Rep. Philip M. Crane (R., Ill.), a contributing editor to the ASC newsletter and an activist in a number of right-wing causes; Rep. Richard Ichord (D., Mo.), legislative editor of the ASC newsletter and chairman of HUAC; and Herbert Klein, the White House communications director. Others included in the program were retired military officers, corporate executives executives and defense scientists. The souvenir program contained excerpts from the supplemental statement made by members of the Blue Ribbon Defense Panel. Also listed in the brochure were members of the supporting Southern California Operation Alert committee, among them William Wheeler, long-time HUAC investigator and manager of the committee's West Coast office.

Most recently, Operation Alert has been preparing its new all-out campaign, referred to at the start of this article, to convince the American public that it may soon be at the mercy of Russian or Chinese military might.

Thus the work of the American Security Council continues, uniting elements ranging from the American Farm Bureau to W. Clement Stone's Combined Insurance Company of America. And if it does not constitute the heart of the military-industrial complex it is unquestionably the soul. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

New Wine in New Bottles

MAIDEN. *By Cynthia Buchanan. William Morrow & Co. 212 pp. $5.95.*

CONFESSION FROM THE MALAGA MADHOUSE: A Christmas Diary. *By Charlotte Painter. The Dial Press. 213 pp. $5.95.*

CATHARINE STIMPSON
Miss Stimpson teaches English at Barnard. Her latest publication is a contribution to Woman in Sexist Society *(Basic Books).*

I think something marvelous is about to happen. In 1869 John Stuart Mill, in *The Subjection of Women,* nicely asked a question his opponents had asked nastily. Why are there so few women geniuses, philosophers, artists, writers? And why does the literature of women so often seem to imitate that of men? Mill then answered his own question. "What years are to a gifted individual, generations are to a mass. If women's literature is destined to have a different collective character from that of men . . . [a] much longer time is necessary than has yet elapsed, before it can emancipate itself from the influence of accepted models, and guide itself by its own impulses."

More than a century has passed since Mill wrote that. What I believe has happened is that women's literature has just about reached that critical mass point he prophesied. The books women write are going to take off, to take on a radically new character, not because women have their own special "natural tendencies," in the sense that they have their own special wiring of the brain, but because women have their own special historical experience, social conditioning and experiential structure. They must seek new forms to express them.

Cynthia Buchanan's novel is more exuberantly talented, more an extravagant tour de force, than Charlotte Painter's "fictionalized journal, journalized fiction." But both books are very, very good, confident, ambitious, mordant, authoritative. Some of the excitement I felt while reading them came from my conviction that they are signs, omens, of an approaching force.

Paradoxically, they are partly traditional books. They explore two of the most conventional roles women have been assigned: the ingenue virgin and the post-virgin mother. The first sentence of *Maiden,* in reference to the novel's protagonist, Fortunée (née Fortune) Dundy, is, "She was a virgin, and her virginity had burrowed in." The first sentence of *Confession from the Malaga Madhouse* is, "I mother her."

Yet they expose the traditions which they dramatize. They are, most accurately, witness to a period in which traditions have broken into transitions; in which institutions such as marriage have fallen into shards; in which love is not solace but a series of Kamasutras and sex not pleasure but a weird or desperate game.

Painter's sensibility is wry, even scholarly. (Her journal has many philosophical and literary allusions.) An austere control tempers her romanticism. She is attempting a book about the self, about society, and about God. A religious revelation, no less. Here confession is as much to divine spirits as it is to secular freaks.

The simplicity of the plot is deceiving. A thirtyish American writer, a widow, never addressed by name, goes to Spain with her 6-year-old son, Tommy. On a trip to Morocco she picks up some hash. One day she takes it. On a bad trip, already suffering from "ego loss," she scares a cowardly friend, who commits her to the Málaga madhouse, believing it to be a drug clinic. Eight days later, the authorities release her.

That the madhouse, even one for women, is now a trite metaphor for the contents of consciousness and for the possible architecture of the cosmos in no way detracts from Painter's achievement. She and her son are questers after serenity in a world gone mad. She also longs for a rebirth. Her son will be the new, but joyous, Christ; she a new Mary; and the madhouse, seemingly a Garden of Agony, a stable. Such a renewal will transform a quest for serenity into the quest for divine knowledge, the way into The Way. Such questers are audacious, even crazy, for they are like water diviners who may be led to whirlpools.

Painter, a Gemini, is divided, a multiplicity of divisions. Is she the Escarlata Pimpernela, a political revolutionary; or the Gypsy Queen, an earth goddess; or Juana Bunion, a mystic? Is she Mom, a reliable, middle-class, American career woman with child, or a nutty old lady? Is she the Dark Madonna, a grieving mother who will sacrifice her son; an eagle, a powerful mother who will devour her son; or a fruitful womb, which will release a son? Painter also travels along Nowhere Street in a split world: on one side the future, symbolized by a commune; on the other side the present, symbolized by some capitalistic expatriates.

Moreover, Painter wonders if her madness is irresponsibility or divinest sense. Is sanity necessary control or possessiveness and fear? She longs for a universe in which opposites find a creative balance; in which darkness and light, masculine and feminine, apocalypse and health, violence and grace breed and embrace one another.

Painter, as we are wont to say artists do, achieves a reconciliation through art, through speech crafted in tranquillity. She is both Don Quixote, the mad traveler more reasonable than the court, and Cervantes, the unjustly imprisoned author who created him. Giddily, in the modern act of faith, she also asserts her belief in renewal, in light, in the Garden of Delights. Doing so, she atavistically mythologizes the power of the mother, who bears a cheerful son, whose poem ends the book to summarize the mother's testament.

Painter is never saccharine about maternity. One of the book's most sardonic passages occurs when she receives a newspaper in the madhouse from a woman who may have murdered *her* child. There Painter finds a fatuous call to the mothers of America from Arnold Toynbee, asking them to Stop the Pentagon. "Up against the wall, Arnold," she deadpans quietly. Yet, she does seem to see women as archetypal mothers. Fathers are interestingly absent. God is no bearded patriarch but universal mind. The spirit is apparently more buoyant without an oppressive, adult, male guide. The most sympathetic, loving man in the book (Dan) cheerfully admits to an undeveloped character.

Buchanan's sensibility is more wildly satiric and her setting, contemporary California, more ridiculous, its pathos more neon. Her subject is a growingly obsolete American Way of Sex, the life of those who can no longer kid themselves into thinking they are under 25, but who can slug it out with the terrors of nearing 40.

Fortunée is an exemplary creation. Buchanan has given her a diction and idiom which has the nervous instability

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and dazzling awkwardness of a woman in spike heels sashaying down a concrete ramp. (Most of Buchanan's language is brilliant. She writes like a broken-field runner.) Miss Dundy is gabby, hysterical, tense, a brave victim, a holy fool in rhinestones and mauve pants, whose sexuality is thwarted by elements of American culture: squeamish fastidiousness about the body and dirt (Fortunée washes out empty Coke bottles); a hopeless mythology which demands that maidens wait for the courtly lover who will woo before he wins them; the fact that our truly true marriages are those of sex and commerce. Fortunée's roommate, an ex-stewardess, Bisquit, "Little Girlums" to her boy friend "Daddy," has a mother who commands her to save her virginity, though long lost, as the "payoff for the wedding night."

Buchanan has few illusions about the prestige, pomp and power America gives to men. Fortunée lives in a world in which, no matter how day-glo the fun might be, no matter how many styrofoam grapes drift in the pool of the Villa Dionysius (an apartment complex for swingles), women must take their identity from men. ". . . Without a man a person had no measure—how could she weigh or define herself." To men all things are pardonable; to women nothing. In an excellent device, Buchanan personifies Fortunée's conscience, interrogator and moral authority as a man: Bert Parks, the emcee of the Miss America contests, our sleek, our aging, but our boyish, Supreme Court Judge of feminine worth and beauty.

Fortunée, too, is a quester. Her anxiety? That she will miss the grail, a man who will "salvage and endorse" her, the merger of desire and fantasy. She finds her demon lover, Dr. Skip Fritchey, a dentist, but the novel ends in an orgy of violence before love's consummation. Perhaps the violence is a narrative copout. Certainly it mutes Buchanan's critique of patriarchy. Jealous women, rivals for a man, a tired enough theme, initiate and bring on the gore. Yet I can imagine no other end large enough, ample enough, to accommodate the folly which Buchanan unravels. Her grotesque apocalypse is an American version of the zaniness which Painter tells us we must summon a reservoir of faith to endure.

The books are clues, not only to what women might write but to all modern writing. They are set, partly, in California, the gaudy Last Frontier, underscoring what I guess to be a permament shift in the landscape of American literature from East to West; they are indifferent to distinctions between fact and fiction, the experience and the invention; they reduce the most common grammatical unit to the simple sentence and to the clause or phrase; and they *cinematize* narrative. Dialogue is often written as if in a film script. The writers jump from scene to scene as if they were filming quick cuts. Painter, especially, seems to dislike thinking in sequence and relying too heavily upon that old cause and effect.

Sexual vulgarians will read *Maiden* vulgarly. They will say that Buchanan is advocating a good screw as the answer to every woman's troubles. On the contrary, Buchanan is verbally blowing up the culture that advocates sex as a woman's only redemptive interlude. Intellectual vulgarians will read *Confession from the Malaga Madhouse* vulgarly. They will take its references to the *I Ching* and to Heraclitus seriously as metaphysics, rather than as metaphor or as appeals from the imagination to sophisticated magic. Such misreadings are symptoms of cultural beriberi. What matters is that the books are here for our reading. □

Confounding the Happy Few

LIFE OF ROSSINI. *By Stendhal. New and revised edition. Translated by Richard Coe. The Orion Press. 566 pp. $10.*

JACQUES BARZUN
Mr. Barzun, a historian and man of letters, has served as Dean of Faculties and Provost, and now holds the post of University Professor, at Columbia.

The 20th-century adoption of Stendhal as one of the great masters of the novel is in part a proper recognition of his genius and in part a warm fellow-feeling due to the large doses of irony, skepticism, and witty debunking of human pretensions that we find in his novels. If we do not exactly make him into our image of sophistication, into a malicious modern ego of Stracheyite birth, we account him nevertheless a dazzling precursor of the true revelation about man and society, and we marvel at his elegant autonomy of thought and act in the times of *Schwärmerei* (as we think) in which he was forced to live.

But this assimilation of his character to that which has prevailed in literature since the 1920s runs into contradiction as soon as we leave the two great novels and one or two of the autobiographic sketches. If we read *On Love* or *Racine et Shakespeare* or, still better, the *Life of Rossini*, we come upon a different man—different from our image of the sophisticate, and seemingly different from the thin-lipped unmasker of "bourgeois society."

This other man is not in fact incompatible with the first and he has the great virtue of making us see that we misunderstood Stendhal in limiting our love of him to what suits our book. The second man is a creature full of headlong enthusiasms, ready—almost eager—to risk being ridiculous; he is a man whose emotional life unwinds itself to an accompaniment of intimate recollections verging on the sentimental. He cherishes what catches at his throat and makes him weep. And in keeping with this cultivation of soft feelings and tender memories as the redeeming moments of life, his view of art is diametrically opposed to ours.

The *Life of Rossini*, as full-fledged *beylistes* know, forms together with the *History of Painting in Italy* a sort of journal of Stendhal's artistic experiences in the country he loved so much. The first of these books is not a life of its subject; it is not mainly about Rossini; it is not even altogether Stendhal's work—not that he again plagiarized a predecessor as he had done in an earlier essay on Haydn and Mozart, but that he stuffed into the delightful hodgepodge he named after Rossini the best anecdotes and reports on music and musicians that he could find in contemporary magazines or could extract from his friends in Italy and Paris.

The result is a unique piece of work. It keeps the reader going because its author was passionate about the *sensation* of art. He was not musically trained, but he was, by his own admission, transported when listening to music. "By dint of being happy at La Scala, I became a connoisseur." He conceived of art as a stimulus to *rêverie*. Imagine! Our severe aesthetic moralists would have kicked him into the gutter and spat in his dreaming face, even though what Stendhal called *rêverie* was a controlled dream—intense but controlled by what is given in the artistic presentment. From the comments and analyses in the *Rossini* it is clear that Stendhal did not mean *day*-dreaming, but some sort of communication between the deepest motions of his spirit and those he discovered in, and attributed to, the artist. That is why he could say that he preferred such *rêverie* "to everything else, including being thought a man of wit."

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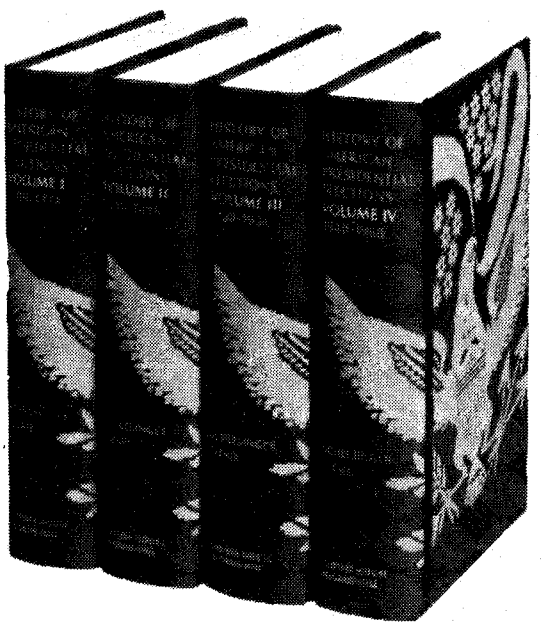

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Logically, too, music reminded him of love—opera is always steeped in it—and being almost always an unfortunate lover, Stendhal recouped his lost opportunities through the imagination of love in sound. This addiction does not mean that Stendhal was insensitive to form; but with him form is known by an instinctive response, not by study and reflection.

What matters a great deal more, he thinks, is fitness. Mood and accent, plausibility, drama, unmistakable passion must be provided; no substitutes accepted. Music—all art—exists to be expressive. On this notion he is eloquent; he recurs to it, sensing the difficulty of distinguishing "expression" from programmatic illustration. It is still a problem.

The reader who opens this new edition of the *Rossini* will be grateful to Mr. Coe for the skill with which he has translated and annotated the text. To be sure, Henry Prunières did the heavy digging for the centenary edition of 1923. But in preparing an English version there was still a large field left for knowledge, tact and judgment. Without the help provided, the modern reader might be more bewildered than he will in any case be by the sudden asides on politics and persons, the strange or superb comments on Mozart and Beethoven, the rapid comparisons at the expense of the French, the shifting scale of merit (for Rossini did not begin by being a favorite with Stendhal), and all the other oddities and profundities in this astonishing stream of consciousness about art. □

Artist and/or Illustrator

THE WYETHS BY N. C. WYETH: The Intimate Correspondence of N. C. Wyeth 1901-1945. *Edited by Betsy James Wyeth. Gambit. 858 pp. 8 illustrations in color, 111 in black and white. $22.50.*

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN
Mr. Kirstein is General Director of the New York City Ballet.

These letters are capital pretexts for meditating upon matters seldom considered important in art history but which have influence in realms of popular visual experience and taste. "Illustrators" of high technical ability serve the imagination of many more people than "artists" who have prestige and museum accreditation. What is the intrinsic distinction between the two, a problem which plagued this generously successful craftsman all his life? What was it besides the need to earn a living which kept him from realizing himself as an independent "creative" talent? Where had his training or tradition failed him? He was for a short time the pupil of Howard Pyle, another famous professional, one of a number of fine illustrators in the tradition inherited from William Morris and Walter Crane. Pyle provided his pupils with formulas for commercial requirements in the book and magazine industry of his time. Wyeth's work was quite unlike Pyle's, yet he seems to have felt dogged by a too ready facility for which he vaguely blames his early teacher. Why was "illustration" such a self-limiting genre? Wyeth fulfilled many big mural jobs, yet eluded his own nomination as "artist," which harsh judgment he first laid on himself.

His illuminations of Jules Verne, Stevenson, Conan Doyle and "Robin Hood" luxuriously upholstered the revery of three generations of adolescents and are still in print. He painted rather than drew, and was not bound by black and white as were a majority of illustrators. His carefully composed images of peak narrative action stick in the memory far longer than isolated sequences from many "historical" films. He endowed figures with sharp elements of stance and dress which canonized them, further fleshing out verbal portraits of David Balfour, Long John Silver, The White Company. He was a true collaborator of fiction-made-fact. He had a strong plastic sense, far firmer than Pyle's; his rendering was solid, built on vivid color in broad brush strokes which he calculated would reproduce well, yet he was condemned to work for reduction; it was disheartening to make images which must be miniaturized. He approached the task with address, nevertheless, accepting the conditions governing contracts, aware that his original scale and palette would always be altered in the printing. Before him, Gustave Doré, a grander artist-illustrator, had mourned his best designs butchered by block cutters. Wyeth had the benefit of photo-engraving—which was hardly a help.

There are few hints that, even as a student, he drew much from the nude. His knowledge of past art came mostly from reproductions; his favorites, Dürer and Rembrandt, he knew mostly in monochrome. Two moderns he admired were Winslow Homer and Giovanni Segantini, the Italian master of vast landscapes executed in a broken-color system deriving from French Impressionism which Wyeth made part of his own. Thomas Eakins was painting in Philadelphia hardly an hour away from Wyeth's studio; there was no contact between them. He preserved himself from any taint of Europe, but when he saw Botticelli's "Primavera" on loan in New York, he was fascinated by the egg-tempera technique in which his son and grandson have so distinguished themselves.

What emerges from his loose and cozy correspondence is the blunt mirror image of a decent man and honest worker, no prig despite his permanently adolescent enthusiasm and his suspicion of much psychological probing; and an artist who was extremely efficient within limits which he was not only given but which, despite occasional despair, he embraced. This was salvation of a sort, if perhaps too soon a surrender. Was it wisdom or shyness, self-consciousness or fear bred of some vague feeling of inferiority due to his very craft? Nothing he painted had the vulgar popular corroboration of a Norman Rockwell in all its smug passionate detail. He disdained the vernacular, persevering toward the heroic or monumental, even in miniature. His double failing was that the scale and handling which he used were further diluted in reduction, while the walls to which he aspired for more ambitious murals were too large for him to manage with conviction past competence. When one sees his own canvases full size, framed and hung, there are large, empty spaces which are not accidental. He judged how big shapes must diminish on a page with margins. This emptiness was a negative virtue he made work for him, the necessity for which could not have made him happy. So much energy went into the solution of unyielding problems, obedience to constant shrinkage.

He held proper contempt for academic painters. As for progressive movements after 1914, in them he felt dimensions past his comprehension. He clung to a native ethic, a naive distrust of much depth or diversity which might spell the corruption of a purity which presented itself as instinct but which actually was conditioning. He painted cowboys and Indians at first hand with warmth, but he never acknowledged urban America. His eyes were those of a bright 19th-century schoolboy with no cause to recognize industrial society, while at the same time he was victimized by commercial compulsions which often foiled his best efforts. Integrity, an open idealism, a delighted appetite for the life of a provincial householder did not entirely satisfy him. As one reads these family letters, one regrets he had not one important outside friend with whom he

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might have spoken, who might have steeled him with something other than devotion; for example, an exchange of ideas. No intellectual, he had the responsible citizen's respect for fact; cerebration, apart from visual questing, was a hazard which might lead to harsh or malign analysis. He could be comforted by familiar tales, rhymes and tunes, just as he collected stuffs useful for study —real old clothes worn in times past, not theatrical reproductions. These he rendered with taste, without finical attention to precise detail which destroys the super-reality required for historical reconstruction. Wearing a fringed buckskin jerkin or pulling on a pair of old hip boots convinced him that the land was still full of pioneers, that factories and publishers were not on this planet, that the West was still open. Alone, he pioneered backward into a static mythical post-adolescence, in which boyhood fancies, larger than life, or entirely other than life as it would have to be lived, existed in its gilt aura of permanent adventure. Meanwhile, as an "illustrator," there rankled in him this matter of "art," of his not being artistic enough, of belonging to a (possibly healthier) barbarian tribe, rather than a community (or snobbish club) of the aesthetically elect.

These letters, devotedly assembled, accompanied by too many snapshots and too few of his own paintings, might have enjoyed sharper editing. Repetition which from day to day in a family circle might not have been tedious, dulls his impact on less idolatrous readers. But from it one gains insight into his insistence, persistence, stubbornness; finally a sense of an essential lack of imagination which disqualified him as an art-artist. His passion in projecting the milieu of romance, his gift for equipping narrative with the appanage of pageantry, veiled him from much that was close at hand, denying him a conviction of a real identity which he sought but could not define. Working in his huge studio, blowing up sketches of reconstituted battles for the implacable walls of banks and state capitols, his isolation was more complete than that of another failure working away in nearby Philadelphia, searching the souls of priests and surgeons for those somber elements which make Eakins' portraits the most profound in American painting. But one takes Wyeth for what he was more than what he may have wished to be. Certainly a dozen of his canvases are part of the popular iconography of his time and place, more remembered than many pictures which also have come to be recalled mainly from reproductions in history books, the exemplary souvenirs

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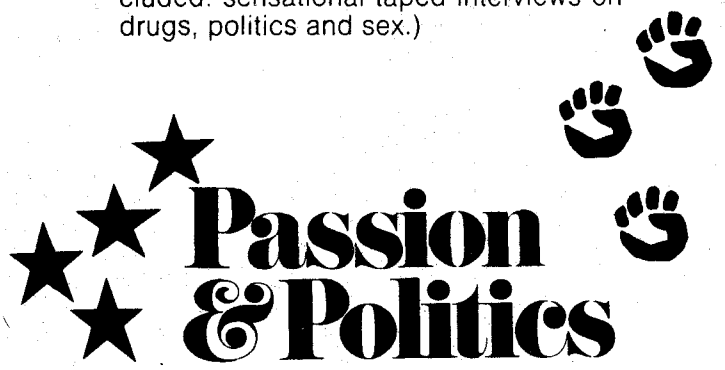

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left by Luks, Henri, Sloan or Hassam.

And yet for the great world of the art-artist's presumedly limitless vision, just as for the little land of illustration, Wyeth's work suffers. His fantasy does not touch that of two illuminators who, in quite different styles, surpassed him in imagery. Both Maxfield Parrish and Arthur Rackham invented real worlds of their own, entirely apart from texts to which they were attached. Both advanced picturing into landscapes of purely personal concepts, the one as a discoverer of an ideal lyric hedonism, the other in conquests of the lyrical grotesque. Parrish became a byword for bad taste, but his technical prowess which pushes a preposterous prettiness into a perfection of mineral sunsets is recognizable not alone for its skill but for its translucent poetic delicacy. Rackham had the more considerable mind and eye; he hints at evil, the dark side of faery which to children is fiercely provocative even if it has not yet been fully experienced. Wyeth and Parrish present simple, open statements; Rackham specialized in ambiguity, multiple images with secrets. He was also the least decorative, the most incisive. His "Alice" is the reverse of Tenniel's cartooning and more persuasive; these illustrations hold a duplicit super-realism as madly logical as the odd linguistics of the text. Rackham's magic touched the metaphysical.

Wyeth's self-avowed defeat was philosophical. Whether this was a self-centered limitation, temperamental preference or incapacity, depends on how one reads his letters. He cast himself as an innocent; this hid no slyness. He wished to be the child who would never grow up; this made magic which, as the saying goes, was wizardry for children from the ages of 8 to 80.

Yet his lack of imaginative development became a wound which he nursed like guilt. A painting, here well reproduced in color, "The Giant" (1923) frames this dilemma. A cluster of small fry, weakly delineated, gaze up at an enormous cloud creature striding past unimaginable horizons, strongly realized in action and silhouette. The puny children are baffled in wonderment; the giant has no objective truth of fact but is infinitely firmer than they are. The metaphor is doubly uncomfortable; it betrays longing and confesses loss. But, while failing some ultimate satisfaction, and given his own doubts and the ungrateful eyes of forgetful adults, Wyeth was an artist indeed who offered more service than many more praised contemporaries. □

Histrionics and History

STEPHEN B. OATES

Mr. Oates is a professor of history at the University of Massachusetts, and the author of To Purge This Land With Blood: A Biography of John Brown. *At present he is preparing a biography of Abraham Lincoln, with the assistance of a Guggenheim grant.*

American politicians, like a lot of other people, have a well-nigh criminal attitude toward history. Too many of them regard history as a rich public treasury which they can plunder at will, stealing great historical lessons out of context in order to vindicate their particular cause or party line. Southern white supremacists, in their fight against "forced integration," wave Confederate flags and espouse the old lost-cause shibboleths of State's rights and freedom of choice. Robert Penn Warren has called this the Great Alibi. In the North, white supremacist mayors, councilmen and school boards draw unctuously on what Warren terms the Treasury of Virtue. "*Us* racists? Why, look at all we've done for the colored people." (Meanwhile, in their junior and senior high schools, all-white history classes recite the myth that Union armies marched off to war in 1861 to free the slaves.) "We're not racists, believe me. We just feel we've got a right to decide who goes to our schools and who lives in our neighborhoods." Like their Southern counterparts, Northern white supremacists believe in freedom of choice.

On the other hand, Western patriots like Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan dredge up the hackneyed "lessons" of America's frontier experience to vindicate their crusade against liberal "do-gooders" and paternalistic government. Such measures as welfare programs and civil rights acts, they contend, destroy those immortal freedoms bequeathed to us by our pioneer forefathers: initiative, rugged individualism and free enterprise.* John Wayne defends American pioneers for taking the West away from the Indians—they "were selfishly trying to keep it for themselves"—and warns that in dealing with the Communist conspiracy Americans have got to be iron-fisted and mean-eyed, like the cowboys Wayne has played in most of his Westerns. Richard Nixon writes in 1965 that "the lesson of all history warns us that we should negotiate only when our military supremacy is so convincing that we can achieve our objective at the conference table—and deny the aggressor his." And liberal Democrats like Walt Rostow and Lyndon Johnson *still* rehearse the "lesson" of Munich, which "teaches us" the futility of appeasement, to defend the war in Vietnam.

But the politician who talks the loudest about the lessons of history is Spiro Agnew. He is, in fact, a good example of the advocate who uses history as a great alibi to vindicate his views. In his now famous New Orleans speech, in which he castigated dissident intellectuals as "an effete corps of impudent snobs," Agnew expatiated on how anti-war protesters both "ignored and obliterated" the lessons of the past. He did not elucidate. But in another speech, delivered at Montpelier, Vt., he made criticism of America practically synonymous with treason. "The nation which has provided more justice, equality, freedom and opportunity than any nation in world history," he told a cheering white crowd, "is told to feel guilty for its failures." Critics who said that, Agnew charged, were playing around in a "spiritual theatre of the absurd." Ignoring the spirit of dissent that was a moving force in the Revolution and the founding of the nation, Agnew denounced dissenters of all kinds as "merchants of hate," "parasites of passion," "ideological eunuchs" and apostles of "masochistic introspection." He went on: "When Americans allow introspection to supersede obligation, our vigor is sapped. . . . It is time for Americans to return to the hard, fresh realism and the unique mix of optimism and pragmatism that made America a great power." He did not specify when this golden age of statesmanship existed. But let us hope he did not mean the decades surrounding the Spanish-American War when the United States emerged as an imperial power. Because that period was as rife with economic troubles, strikes, racial injustice, governmental hypocrisies and social and political dissent as our own.

In truth, Agnew probably had no era in mind, for he deals in histrionics rather

*All this, of course, is patently absurd, for American pioneers were uninhibited nationalists who looked to Washington for free land, military protection, government-subsidized railroads, favorable tariff and monetary policies, and political machinery for their territorial and state governments. In fact, those examples of supreme rugged individualism—the cattle barons—enjoyed a tremendous federal subsidy in the form of free range on government lands. But what a howl they raised when Washington moved to legalize individual homesteads there. During the Gilded Age, moreover, Western farmers and small businessmen helped found the Populist Party, a people's movement designed to win control of the government away from Eastern political and industrial interests, and to correct the worst evils of unbridled capitalism.

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than historical reality. While he doubtless believes what he says, he also wants to win votes; and there are "millions of Americans out in the heartland" who cheer him lustily. For them, Agnew "tells it like it is." He tells them the romantic version of American history they learned in secondary school is the truth (never mind what the pinko professors say). That history is a scenario, a Cecil B. De Mille spectacular, a grand unfolding of divinely ordained stages of national growth that moved America from one level of perfection to another. In that history, America is the miracle nation. Its past leaders are great men who never did anything wrong. Now, in the vicissitudes of the late 20th century, Americans must not violate this glorious heritage and confess that they have done anything wrong. They must defend their country. They must defend militant anti-communism. They must defend the Vietnamese War. They must defend America's institutions and traditions. They must never admit an error, because even to concede that getting into Vietnam was a bit of a fiasco, or that maybe not everybody in the United States has enjoyed life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, would be to confess a national weakness and so to betray American history.

So when Agnew says to be proud of America, proud of her marvelous past, his admirers give him standing ovations. He tells them what they want to hear. He tells them that anybody who does not conform to their political views and their manner of life, and who does not accept their grade-school notions about American history, is queer and un-American. This is splendid therapy for harried, insecure, working Americans who do not have the time or the inclination to think through the political and psychosocial complexities of our time. Who would rather fly American flags in their yards (or slap bumper stickers on their cars) than tolerate dissent or participate in open debates about the nation's troubles. Who complain that hippies and "radical-libs" (Agnew's term) are Communists, that Communists now run the universities, that college students—thanks to the permissive teachings of Dr. Spock—have sold out to anarchy and treason, that people can't make money as they used to because government handouts (but not the Vietnamese War) have escalated taxes, and that the best leaders are guys like Mr. Agnew who can reduce complex issues to black-and-white simplicities.

As the tough-talking therapist of Middle America, as the self-appointed expert on the lessons of the past, Agnew seems cheerfully unaware of his own contradictions. In those tragic days that followed Nixon's Cambodian invasion, when Ohio Guardsmen killed four Kent State students, and Mississippi police shot two more at Jackson State, Agnew continued to inveigh against dissenters as "the criminal Left." At Fort Lauderdale, Fla., he urged Americans not only to eliminate dissent but to return to old-time religion. Once again, he branded anti-war students and professors "intellectual traitors" because they demanded peace in Vietnam through "appeasement and capitulation." Then, in a remarkable display of his own ignorance of history, Agnew went to Stone Mountain Park, Georgia, to dedicate granite carvings of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Jefferson Davis. Ten thousand Southerners gathered at the park to hear the Vice President of the United States (he was substituting for President Nixon himself) commemorate these Confederate leaders. With their engravings as a backdrop, Agnew called for unity in the nation and an end to sectionalism. He

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did announce that the South must not discriminate against "any of its own people."

But Mr. Agnew went on to quote from Woodrow Wilson about how North and South must go forward together, apparently unaware that Wilson, Virginia-born and Georgia-reared, had defended the Ku Klux Klan of Reconstruction and, as President, had begun a policy of excluding Negroes from federal employment. Nor did Agnew seem to know that the Klan once had been the principal financier for the Stone Mountain engravings, until the state had taken over the project. Finally, the Vice President seemed oblivious to the fact that the Confederates he came to commemorate were revolutionaries who had besmirched the American flag, plunged the country into civil war, and caused the deaths of some 360,000 Northerners and 258,000 Southerners in an effort to establish a nation based on human slavery. □

That Not Yet Westering Moon

MEET ME IN THE GREEN GLEN. *By Robert Penn Warren. Random House. 376 pp. $7.95.*

FOSTER HIRSCH
Mr. Hirsch has written for Commonweal, The New Leader *and* The New York Times, *and is at work on a book on the plays of George Kelly.*

With its overheated passions, its dilapidated ancestral homestead, its decaying landscape, and its twisted characters, Robert Penn Warren's *Meet Me in the Green Glen* reads like a caricature of The Southern Novel. In trying to give mythic stature to his thoroughly familiar characters and situations, Warren has written the life out of his material, and the result is a waxworks exhibit of Southern Decadence. Too elaborately sign-posted, too self-consciously mythologized, character, event and setting are close to parody.

The basic elements of Warren's story are pure melodrama: a May to December romance, miscegenation, murder, a courtroom trial, suicide. His characters, here as always, are truth seekers, failed idealists. Obsessively introspective, they think (or, rather, Warren thinks for them) in abstract formulations about guilt and responsibility and the inevitable intermingling of good and evil. Their goal is to find themselves, and their progress toward ultimate self-definition is linked to some movie-melodrama catastrophe, like Willie Stark's assassination in *All the King's Men*, Jasper Harrick's burial in *The Cave*. Here, a murder, a trial and an execution move the characters toward self-knowledge.

Apologists for Warren's novels, maintaining that the author speaks in his own voice and uses his Southern heritage for his own ends, protest against comparisons with Faulkner. But there can be no blinking the fact that this latest novel is Faulkner-ridden and that it suffers, fatally, from the echoes and from the parallels it inevitably suggests. The pivotal action—the affair between a young man, just passing through, and a woman old enough to be his mother—is indebted to the Joe Christmas-Joanna Burden episode in *Light in August*. However, while Faulkner's characters are enriched by language and context, Warren's are never wrenched clear of numbing racial and sexual stereotypes. Angelo Passetto, being Italian, is passionate, inarticulate, in trouble with the powers of law and order. Cassie Spottwood, being Southern Gothic, is reclusive, spinsterlike, crazy, but for all her somnolent exterior she is ready to be brought to quivering life by this dark and handsome outsider.

The novel is dominated by what have come to be conventions of the genre.

PRESENT

Our alchemy must be secret.
On the cool moss
a redhot salamander.
Now is the dictionary of everything.
Doorway.
Place to stand.

Robert Morgan

Cassie's husband, a hell raiser in his prime, is now paralyzed; but when he was able (like most of Faulkner's patriarchs), he slept with his black servants, one of whom lives with her nubile daughter on the crumbling Spottwood estate. The black woman, who taunts Cassie for her inability to keep a man, is a figure from the past, a reminder of things as they used to be. Except for Angelo, all of the characters, having spent virtually their entire lives together, keep reminding one another of the past. The histories of Cassie, her husband Sunder, and Cy Grinder (a neighbor, who once almost married Cassie), and the black woman and Murray Guilfort (Sunder's boyhood friend), form a network of dependence and betrayal: they are unwilling to assume responsibility for one another but neither can they rid themselves of one another.

The continual pressure of the past on the present is, of course, a traditional aspect of Southern literature (perhaps a reflection of the comparative stasis of Southern society, in which it is common for people to live side by side, in the same town, in the same house, for an entire lifetime). The characters are in fact so bound and conditioned by their past that the slightest event in the present ignites an elaborate sequence of memories: "No, nothing is ever off the record, he [Murray Guilfort] thought, and suddenly everything he himself had ever done, said, thought, or even had not dared to think, was standing at his back, presences silently crowding." The novel becomes, in effect, a series of recollections of dramatic moments—fateful decisions and betrayals which initiate an inevitable sequence of cause and effect.

Though Warren sets his characters in a deterministic-seeming universe, he does allow them some free will. Cassie Spottwood's murder of her husband breaks the pattern of the past. Angelo is accused of the murder and executed for it, and his death changes the other characters, relieves them of the burdens of the past. Murray Guilfort, the lawyer who pushed through the trial, who wouldn't listen to Cassie's confession, and who, under the guise of avenging his old friend, was finally responsible for the death of an

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innocent boy, is particularly affected. Guilfort is one of Warren's self-imprisoned characters: jealous of his friend Sunder's former vigor, perhaps even secretly in love with Cassie, he realizes —too late—not only his responsibility for another's death but also the hollowness of his prestige-seeking, loveless life. To atone for his past, he kills himself.

Warren's characteristic rhetorical flourishes—tortuous syntax, repetitions, parallel constructions—exacerbate the melodrama and artifice. He returns again and again to "poetic" motifs: Cassie says that when she first saw Angelo coming down the road out of the mist, he appeared to her "like a bright torch." He cloyingly poeticizes the landscape and the weather: "The moon, not yet westering, full, in a vapory vagueness of concentric circles, would be swimming high, and from it would spill the pearly glow to fill the vastness of the world."

Burdened with this overripe prose, Warren's novel—as romance, as melodrama, as metaphysical inquiry, as literal or symbolic narrative—lacks the freshness and conviction needed to redeem and vivify the literary conventions of which it is composed. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Georges Feydeau's *Le Dindon* ("The Turkey," which in French slang means "sucker" or "fall guy") dates from 1898, and is one of many bedroom farces with which that brilliant contriver supplied the Paris stage from 1886 to 1921. The pattern of his plays was imitated by a host of entertainers, but none could match him in technical excellence or in the invention of situations. An American, Avery Hopwood, whose best play, *Fair and Warmer*, was a Broadway hit in 1915, modeled his output on Feydeau, but was unable to keep up the pace, and declined from the naughty to the silly-dirty.

From the late 19th century up to the early twenties such fare was favored, because the French bourgeoisie, though already infected by the laxity which inevitably ensues from the ideal of luxurious pleasure, still preserved its strict sense of propriety, while the Americans were only just shedding their Puritan heritage. To be altogether effective, bedroom farces must be based on middle-class standards of decorum. Their upset is a shock which strikes respectability's funny bone. Since society manners and mores are no longer "correct," the bedroom farce is an obsolete mode and when produced is usually regarded as quaint.

When we do this sort of farce now—the last one here was Gower Champion's production of Feydeau's *A Flea in Her Ear* at the Anta Theatre in 1969—it is staged as a wildly eccentric, extremely "stylized" piece having little relation to actuality. And that is wrong. For Feydeau, a bitter man, was willy-nilly a mocking moralist. He stated his formula thus: "I set about looking for characters in living reality, determined to preserve their personalities intact." He placed their personalities in absurd situations and made them swirl about in an inextricable trap. The environment for these crazy misadventures is always that of well-to-do middle-class reality, familiar to the audience for which the plays were written. To produce them as if they were an extension of commedia dell'arte is not only to falsify them but also to render them less funny than they should be.

Le Dindon, now being presented at the Royale Theatre under the title *There's One In Every Marriage*, is a production which originated at the Stratford National Theatre of Canada. Under Jean Gascon's direction, the cast performs like a company of grotesques. Without being as fantastically distorted as in the above-mentioned Gower Champion production, the characters are kidded, as if to say that playwrights, actors and directors in the old days neither knew nor cared about "truth to life." (The asides are shot out front, whereas in the best French productions they are deftly thrown away, as if the characters were swearing in exasperation to themselves.) The actors at the Royale work too hard to get all the laughs they should.

Still, Feydeau is not to be downed. His pace, his adroit plotting, the surprise of his complications, the constant introduction of new and always delightfully unexpected types, the special energy of his theatrical tricks are achieved with astonishing skill. They cannot fail to produce hilarity. The flourish of his craftsmanship, together with his note of scorn, make Feydeau a "ball" in Paris today and in London, where Jacques Charon of the Comédie-Française has directed him. It is still pleasant to attend his inventions in New York.

There are some good performances in the present production. Roberta Maxwell does not overdo her role: she looks and acts like a human being rather than a cartoon. Marilyn Gardner brings considerable zest to the part of a Swedish lady bent on amour in Paris (the character was English in the original play); Tony Van Bridge displays robust humor as a Major in the army's medical corps;

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE

Nothing
succeeds like
sui-

cide; the pieces
break open.
Everything

falls at
the same time; saneness
of things

going back. If Carol
rearranges
her hair and

it crawls back, the
night
records it as

a usual occurrence.
It is
the same fact

you read in the
newspaper: Some
foreign sound falling

out of the air, going
down the gullet with
morning

eggs and toast. The
Sweet War. News
we are waiting for

whether it be gospel or
not; a way
the words fling down

the world's mouth; dark
mystery
at the center. It

will explode, taking
with it whatever
it is. This

we call sui-
cide and it
succeeds

without us. Oh, Holy
Shiva, do
the dance, the one

the Indians say you
do so well, where
(with that little

extra) you
bring it all
back.

Allen Katzman

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Joseph Maher is merrily "Irish" as a senile French caretaker.

I had hoped to like Harvey Perr's *Rosebloom* more than I did. (Eastside Playhouse: 334 East 74th St.) The author is a young man possessed of a gritty determination to express himself with vehement force and theatrical originality. His play is an acid engraving which purports to reveal the sadism immanent in middle-class life.

The family in this instance is certainly not "average." Harry Rosebloom is a burly racketeer who has spent twenty-six years in jail. The play opens as his "girl," who had enjoyed a string of lovers during his absence, awaits his return. With her is Mark, her son by Rosebloom. The youth was crippled in an auto accident, caused by his father's negligence (the boy also appears to be epileptic). Present too is Mark's wife, Enola Gay.

Mark has from time to time visited his father in prison, but has no real sense of him as a living person. The boy is fiercely embittered by his condition; his only connection with normal life is his capacity to have sexual relations with his wife, a kind of motherly nymphomaniac. Mark despises his mother—he consistently evades her displays of tenderness. She is essentially stupid and vulgar, dresses "smartly" and puts on airs of "modernity." (She is sufficiently well off to have acquired several examples of Pop art.) She is haunted by fear of losing her good looks and thus her means of livelihood. Anguish links these people. There are momentary words and gestures of affection, but generally there is little more between them than resentment mounting to gusts of poisonous dislike.

When Rosebloom finally appears, he acts the role of loving mate and father, full of hearty good will and parental solicitude. This attitude alternates with murderous anger. But not all of this is evident as fact: much is conveyed in speech and action within the characters' "psyches." There is little to distinguish what happens on the surface from the vileness "underneath."

At moments Perr tries to make all this comic, but as the play progresses one finds laughter increasingly difficult. The "stream of consciousness" soliloquies are couched in language which sounds very much like a parody of Edward Albee's stiffest writing, disconcertingly "literary."

I could hardly summon up any interest in this picture of disastrous domesticity, because all I saw was a case history in which the data were rigged with ungainly artifice. Even the elements of auctorial commiseration failed to free themselves from the construction of an "advanced" technique.

Yet I cannot say I was bored. The actors, under Jered Barclay's direction, held my attention. Sylvia Miles plays the metallic mother with arresting meticulousness, Harold Gary is appallingly convincing in the title role. Ron Rifkin as Mark is incisive, and Regina Baff is at once sensually compelling and oddly repellent, which is exactly what her part demands. Merrill Sindler's setting prepared me for a play which might be gaily satiric, but after fifteen minutes, I found it merely irrelevant. All in all, I prayed for less "art" and more matter.

Edward Bond's *Narrow Road to the Deep North* is a political parable (Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center). It is venomously ironic and fanciful, above all despairing. It embodies the anarchism of total discouragement. But, and this may be a surprise to some, it is not at all obscure.

Suggested by a Japanese tale, it employs pseudo oriental figures and a scenic method which one may associate with Noh and Kabuki, though it is neither. The play's references are entirely contemporary. There are authoritarian governments, the play tells us, which rule by force and terror. These are sometimes overthrown by another government which subjugates the masses by law and order, leading them to a conformity which is almost as restrictive of true freedom and as deadening as the governments it replaces. "I think," Bond has said, "that there is no viable political system in existence in the world at the moment." Under such circumstances the honest and sensitive person is led to the point of suicide. All of which is hyperbolic and rather futile, except as a shriek of pain and protest.

The sharpest thrust of the play is against the aesthete, the disengaged artist, the aloof intellectual. He seeks "enlightenment," but after long years of meditation, his only conclusion is that there is nothing to be learned. This negative wisdom does not however preclude the possibility of haughtiness and snobbery. When such a creature can do something humanly helpful—like saving an abandoned child—he turns away from the action. No wonder then that he becomes the prime minister of the new government. The religions too are feckless and frivolous.

Bond means it; that is the chief virtue of his play. It is even more wounding than sad. *Saved,* an earlier Bond play, spoke of the present condition of civilization in terms of lower-class England today. Whether the more generalized form he has chosen to convey his ghastly sentiment in *Narrow Road* is proper to his talent is a moot point: for proof one way or the other it requires a perfect production.

It is unmistakable that what we see at Lincoln Center is distressingly wide of the mark. It is stylish without style; everything in it is appliqué. The acting is not so bad nor the company miscast (though Martha Henry is the only one who registers), but none of it is originally conceived or truly felt. Style is understanding and emotion organically fleshed. That is why the Noh theatre, the most remote from all occidental stage forms, nevertheless moves (if we freely lend ourselves to it) and transports us to a world alien to our habit, a world of wonder, mystery and beauty. Without inner truth, borrowings from the Noh or Kabuki accouterment become empty and boring nonsense.

In any case, *Narrow Road to the Deep North,* though now a disappointment, is not something to be lightly dismissed. □

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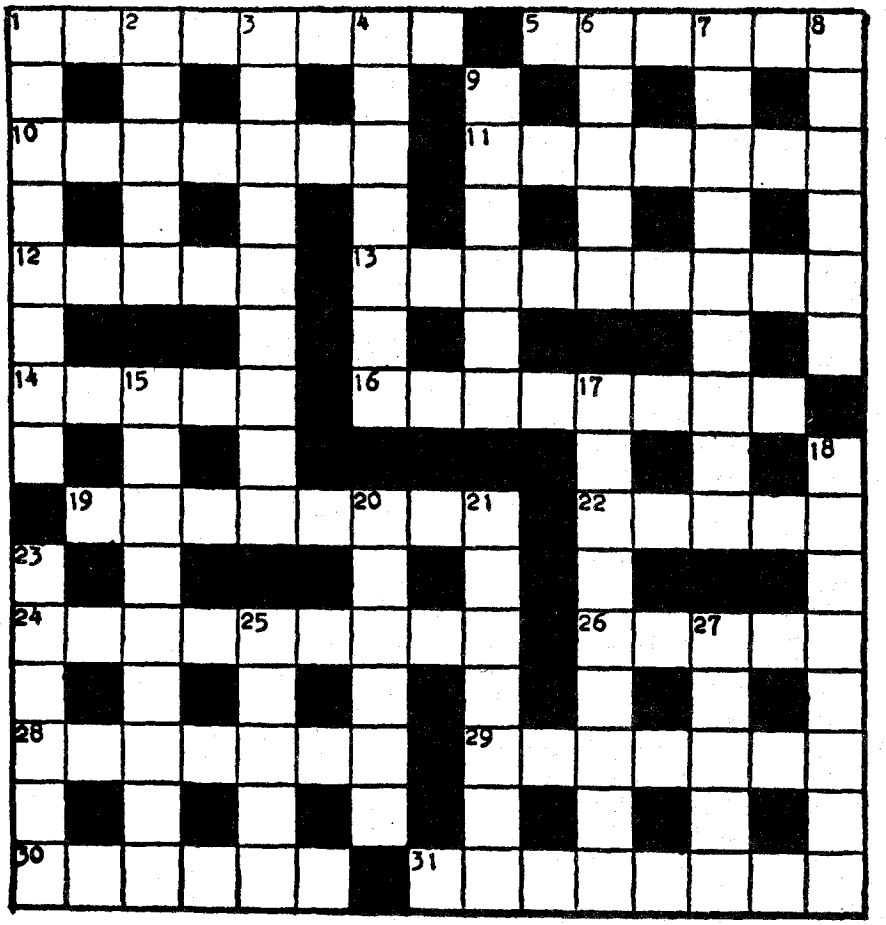
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 In favor of foreign money being put forward for consideration? (8)
5 It acts as though it were stationary! (6)
10 and 11 Show regard for skill, as long as it's of decent reputation. (14)
12 Mental or spiritual, when it comes to such as life. (5)
13 Accounts of existing connections? They might be akin. (10)
14 For instance, placed with money or good looks? (5)
16 Evidence that a boat is feminine? A dame might be used to hearing her this. (8)
19 Died, alas, in a way familiar to those who survey the scene. (8)
22 Springs up with the sound of a well-known 2. (5)
24 Red-coated, and possibly with ribbons on? (9)
26 The port of Rome is, to a version of it. (5)
28 The heat on? Just the opposite, as a famous prisoner well knew. (7)
29 Is the U.S. a mess, as one takes for granted? (7)
30 A Spanish 16 without craft would offer a poor reason! (6)
31 Discharge. (8)

DOWN

1 Sort of fails, if below par as an operatic work. (8)
2 Possibly a man, alternatively one of his 13. (5)
3 Not as good as expected, possibly because scolded too much. (9)
4 and 15 The obvious choice, if you believe in the survival of the fittest. (7,9)
6 Dickensian character of the somewhat dated dance. (5)
7 A plus B minus C, for example. (9)
8 A small island to take advantage of, like a pony. (6)
9 Settled for about 50-50, getting somewhat ashen in the process. (6)
15 See 4 down.
17 Looked over the racing entries, perhaps, to get some means of support. (9)
18 Did such a killer reputedly go on frequent trips? (8)
20 Suggests how to break camp? (It's really a catch!) (6)
21 A pitcher might have a good one for a weapon. (7)
23 Prepares the copy, about a hundred of such proclamations. (6)
25 Does it create a line of royal authority. (5)
27 Musical equivalent of the *Times*? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1425

ACROSS: 1, 5, 10, 12, 13 and 27 Tell me where is fancy bred? Or in the heart or in the head? 11 Niece; 14 Twice; 16 Treasured; 18 Portrayal; 20 Palls; 22 Nagging; 24 Gestapo; 26 Colds; 28 Errands; 29 Nantes. DOWN: 2 Ennui; 3 Layette; 4 Earnestly; 5 Width; 6 Enneads; 7 Electoral; 8 Speared; 9 Effort; 15 Irregular; 17 Enlighten; 18 Panache; 19 Reins in; 20 Pastern; 21 Swords; 23 Gains; 25 Abele.

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